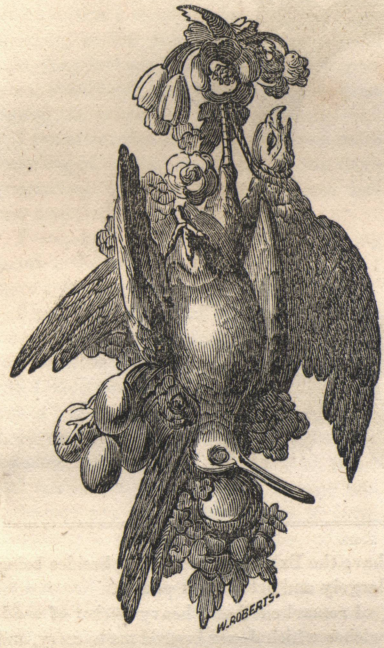
The North American Miscellany.

No. 19.] SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1851. [Vol. II.



CARVINGS IN WOOD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We give in this number specimens of the wood-carving exhibited at the London Fair. They are interesting, as evidencing the revival of an art which was once famous in England, and which has contributed greatly to the beauty of the English Baronial Halls.

The engravings are copied from the beau-

tifully illustrated catalogue of the London Art Union, and are after the elaborate carvings of Mr. W. G. Rogers, of London.

We shall continue from time to time illustrations of the different objects of special interest at the World's Fair.

From "Punch."

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION.

I remarked that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world;—but as every body remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the Queen and Prince before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap: and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity: and calculate that after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which Jones begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours: and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the Queen bowed and curtsied, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister—how charmed every body was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass.

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if Mr. LONGEARS was speaking in the House of Commons—and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if, during *that* part of the day's proceedings, the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen?

I remarked my LORD IVORYSTICK and my LORD EBONYSTICK backing all the way round the immense building before the QUEEN; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last? how long will free-born men forsake the natural manner of walking, with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas*. I remarked that a royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards, than a royal Coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest LORD CHOPSTICK, (the Chinese ambassador with the pantomime face,) most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of LORD IVORYSTICK and LORD EBONYSTICK was not more reasonable than that of his Excellency CHOPSTICK, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, *vice versâ*, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were QUEEN of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

AN HUNGARIAN ROBBER.

PRINCE Frederic Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Haburak. The prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gomor and Torma. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep ascent of the road was so dangerous, that it was most hazardous to proceed. The prince tried to reassure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table, facing the window, whilst his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, in case his master should want any aid. The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine-jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any no-

tice of the newly-arrived guest. The prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said: "This is for the wine these good folks have drunk; they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady: the entertainment has lasted long enough: I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise." At this imperative command one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and contemptuously laughing, cried out, "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?" An uproar ensued. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and therefore *we* are masters *here*."—"We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman."—"We have yet money and credit enough to swallow a draught when we are thirsty."—"We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we."—"We will not be ruled." All this was almost simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult, from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak. "I am a master of the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are robbers; I am a soldier: and fear neither the mouth of a rifle nor the edge of an axe." During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the whole time, without partaking of the wine. He now said, in a commanding tone: "Silence!" The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sat down to the table. "Mr. Officer," continued the man, "don't think that you frighten us. I too have been a soldier, and have most probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Haburak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. We never will disturb a lady's rest; we war with men, not with women. For the present we shall leave this shelter; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below on the damp oak leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell! friends, let us go," he called to his men. They took up their arms and went. The prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. On the morrow the lady continued her journey. After they had ridden about an hour, they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bid the coachman "halt." The horses stopped; the prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mien, rode close up to the carriage-door, and said: "We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now I will see whether it was worth the trouble." With these words he lifted the veil, which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed, and the robber said: "She is really very pretty." He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words: "Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburak; and if you some time hear that he has been hanged, pray an *ave maria* for his soul." The lady took the rose, and the robber vanished. Two years later, newspapers related that the robber Haburak had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes in Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged."

—*Pulszkys' Traditions.*

MORNING IN INDIA.

Morning in India, when the mango-showers
Steep May in healthful coolness. Lo! the skies
Are cloudless as the depths of woman's eyes,
Ere love and all its cares have fill'd the hours
With hope and fear. From snow-bloom'd citron bowers
Green parrots—hatch'd mid fragrance—chattering rise;
Crouch'd on its sunbeam-bed the serpent lies,
Sipping light dews from the redundant flowers
Of blue Ruellias—studding o'er the sod
With bell-shaped buds. The bee now quits its hoard,
Questing for honey—while, from yon Minar,
The gray Muezzin's call is heard afar:—
"Come ye to prayer! There is no God but God!
Mohammed is the Prophet of the Lord!"

From Dickens' "Household Words."

SOME ACCOUNT OF CHLOROFORM.

THE globe whereon we live, called habitable, has now pretensions to that epithet which it could not boast of, in former times. Science, continually developing its capabilities, is daily rendering it a more eligible residence for a gentleman—a more commodious dwelling-place, indeed, to all. Say that the path of life is thorny still; yet, what with gutta percha—for soles and other things—steam, electricity, and other helps and appliances, it has become a decidedly more passable thoroughfare than it was. Philosophers, by simply giving their minds to the study of Nature, have obtained results more valuable than the considerations for which, according to the myths of the middle ages, their predecessors were glad to dispose of their souls. The amount of human comfort has been greatly augmented; the sum of human wretchedness has been diminished by a very large figure. Among the reductions of this kind that have been accomplished in modern times, the most signal, unquestionably, is the abolition of physical pain, in so far as it has been effected by the discovery of the anæsthetical property of chloroform; that is, of the remarkable power possessed by that substance, when inhaled, of annulling, for a time of greater or less duration, the sensibility of animal bodies.

Of the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, one, by no means the least grievous, is the contingency of having to part with an unsound limb, or otherwise to undergo the process of being dissected alive, commonly called a surgical operation. It has long been an axiom in chirurgical science, that the operator should endeavor, to the extent of his ability, to perform his vivisection "*tuto, cito, et jucunde*"—safely, speedily, and *pleasantly*. Modern advancement in anatomy and physiology, and refinement in dexterity, had enabled surgeons to comply, in a great measure, with the two former requisitions; the latter still remained certainly unfulfilled. The horrors of ancient surgery had been mitigated; but all that skill and knowledge could do or suggest failed, signally, to make things pleasant, in any considerable degree, to the individual under the scalpel. So far agreeable, however as the prospect of a comfortable doze, with the expectation of awakening relieved of a torment or a burden, can make a surgical operation, it has, at last been rendered. Every body is aware that, during the extraordinary slumber induced by the inhalation of chloroform, operations of the first magnitude and the greatest difficulty may be painlessly undergone. Consciousness is suspended, sensation placed in abeyance. Muscles, tendons, bones, even nerves, are cut and sawn through with little or no inconvenience to their proprietor. A man is lopped and pruned like a tree; he is carved and hewn, and squared, as if he were a log; and is, indeed, the mere apathetic subject of medical carpentry.

Whilst the bodily edifice is under surgical repair, for the advantage of being enabled to avoid the annoyance attending the cognizance of that process, by taking, with ease and convenience, an excursion into the land of sleep, every lifeholder of the tenement in question is indebted to Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh. The peculiar power of chloroform to produce insensibility was determined by his researches. For some time previously, sulphuric ether, the discovery of Dr Jackson and Mr. Morton of Boston, in America, had been in use for the same purpose. There were, however, objections to its employment. A larger quantity of it than was consistent with safety, required occasionally to be administered to produce the desired effect. Its odor was disagreeably strong and permanent; and, what was worse, it not unfrequently excited irritation in the chest. In search, therefore, of a more safe and commodious anæsthetic agent, Dr. Simpson tried a series of experiments, principally on his own person, with a variety of volatile substances; and the result was, his announcement, in 1847, of the desideratum as being supplied by chloroform.

The existence of this substance, chloroform, had been known to chemists since 1831, in which year it was discovered by Soubeiran. Very little later, in 1832, an independent discovery of it was made by Liebig. Dumas, in 1835, was the first to ascertain its exact chemical composition.

When, in our nursery days, we used to read of some wonderful balsam, by means whereof well-disposed magicians and benevolent fairies were wont to charm away the pain of injuries inflicted by dragons and

ogres on the persons of good knights and serviceable giant-killers, a very natural desire arose in our minds for information concerning the nature and composition of the marvellous remedy. Those who are not conversant with chemical details, and who may, in spite of hope to the contrary, one day have a tooth to be extracted, or a nail to be plucked out—not to suggest more formidable interference of a manual or anatomical description with the living mechanism—will probably feel a similar, and at least an equal curiosity, with regard to the rather more practically interesting subject of chloroform.

Chloroform is a bright colorless liquid, in appearance resembling spirit of wine, which it further resembles in being extremely volatile, but differs from it remarkably in being much more dense; for it is considerably heavier than water, in which it sinks. Unlike spirits of wine, too, it is not inflammable. It has an agreeable, fragrant, ethereal, fruit-like smell, very similar to that of a ripe apple; and a sweet taste. Chloroform boils at one hundred and forty-one degrees, and its vapor exceeds in density that of the atmosphere in somewhat above the proportion of four to one. The ready volatility of a fluid comparatively so ponderous as chloroform may appear singular.

Chloroform, considered as a noun-substantive, may be said to be an abbreviation—not to employ the more equivocal expression, *alias*. In legal phraseology—according to the statutes of chemistry—it is called perchloride of formyle, signifying formyle united with its *maximum* of chlorine. More strictly still, it is denominated ter-chloride instead of per-chloride, to denote that the proportions in which the chlorine is combined with the formyle are three of the former to one of the latter. Now, formyle is a substance supposed to be the base, or fundamental, or essential constituent part of an acid called formic acid. Formic acid is so termed from having been first discovered in red ants, the Latin for ant being *formica;* it consists of three proportions of oxygen, in combination with one of hydrogen and two of carbon. But if such is the composition of formic acid, what, it will be asked, was meant by the statement that its base is formyle? This seeming puzzle is solved by the explanation, that formyle is not conceived to be a simple element, but a substance analogous to one, constituted by the two proportionals of carbon and one of hydrogen in the formic acid. Here it must be remembered that a chemical compound differs essentially from a mechanical mixture. Things mixed mechanically are separable particle from particle; sulphur from charcoal; chalk from cheese. In a chemical compound, the least particle that can be got by mechanical sub-division contains the same chemical constituents as the whole mass. The smallest conceivable quantity, for instance, of formyle, consists of carbon and hydrogen. Formyle has never been produced separately, so as to be shown by itself; but chemists, on certain theoretical grounds, conclude that the carbon and the hydrogen of the formic acid exist therein in a state of special combination, as a distinct thing; so that formic acid consists not in a mutual partnership between carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen individually, but of a particular arrangement of carbon and hydrogen on the one hand—making formyle—with respect to oxygen on the other. In like manner, also, chloroform is ultimately resolvable into chlorine, hydrogen, and carbon; the formyle, to which the three parts of chlorine are adjoined, consisting of a peculiar union of two of carbon with one of hydrogen. Formyle is called, technically, a compound radical: that is, a substance resembling an element, but chemically divisible. Further remark on the radical principle of chloroform must be left to the professed chemist—and punster.

It is, however, worthy of observation that, as Dr. Simpson has pointed out, the discovery by Soubeiran, Liebig, and Dumas, of the formation and composition of chloroform, resulted from inquiries and experiments instituted by them, with the sole object of investigating a point in philosophical chemistry. They had no notion, no surmise, of the wonderful agency of chloroform on the animal system. Had they been asked to what practical purpose they expected their researches would tend, they could only have answered, generally, that every addition to the stock of human knowledge is of some use or other, although we may be unable to conjecture or foresee its precise utility. Such a reply would have seemed great foolishness to those rather numerous sages of every-

day life, who are continually asking what is the good of this or that scientific investigation, and who would have triumphed gloriously in the fancied superiority of their "common sense," if no definite and categorical answer could have been given to this sagacious demand of theirs, in reference, as they, perhaps, would facetiously have said, to Chlori-and-ter-formo-what-dye-call-it.

There are several methods of obtaining chloroform; the best is that of distilling a mixture of rectified spirit of wine, water, and chloride of calcium. Four pounds of the last-named substance are mingled, in a large retort or still, with twelve pounds of water and twelve ounces of spirit, and distilled as long as a dense liquid, which sinks in the water that it comes over with, is produced. This is chloroform—in the rough. It is rectified by re-distillation at the temperature of boiling water, freed from moisture by digestion with chloride of calcium, and finally distilled with sulphuric acid. Its purity is indicated by perfect transparency and want of color. The admixture of water would give it a milky appearance; the presence of chlorine, a yellowish tint. As chlorine is a substance most acrid and irritating to the air-tubes, and one of which the inhalation, even in a small quantity, would be fatal, it is, of course, in the highest degree essential that chloroform should contain no vestige of it, in a free or uncombined state; that is, over and above the three proportionals in union with, and neutralized by, the one proportional of formyle.

The production of chloroform by the process just described is the result of a somewhat complex decomposition. Suffice it here to state that the carbon, hydrogen, and chlorine, which constitute that substance, exist in the spirit, water, and chloride of calcium, and that the action of heat, in the distillation of the mixture, causes those elements to rearrange themselves in the shape of the terchloride of formyle.

And now, the chemist having placed chloroform in the surgeon's hands, in what manner does the latter proceed to employ the gift? Chloroform is most conveniently administered on a sponge, placed in a small silver or plated vessel, with flexible edges, made to fit accurately over the nose and mouth, which have been first anointed with a little cold cream. A small quantity—say one or two tea-spoonfuls—of the liquid is dropped upon the sponge, and the instrument is adapted to the face of the patient, who is directed to breathe gently and quietly into and out of it. If no inhaler is at hand, a hollow sponge, or a handkerchief rolled into a cup-like form, will suffice. In a short time the eyes become suffused, occasionally a slight struggling, not from pain, but from a species of intoxication, ensues; then the muscles become relaxed, the breathing sonorous, and total insensibility and unconsciousness supervene. Loss of consciousness, however, does not invariably accompany cessation of bodily feeling, insensibility to pain being sometimes caused, the patient, nevertheless, remaining aware of what is going on. There are a few cases in which mere excitement is produced, and which must be considered failures. In the majority of instances, both consciousness, sensibility, and the power of voluntary motion are alike suspended; and in this happy state of oblivion, the subject of an operation may be carved without caring about it more than if he were a leg of mutton; may have a limb removed with no greater inconvenience than he would suffer from having his hair cut. Some persons, under the influence of chloroform, even during the most terrible stages of a capital operation, fall into a state of sleep-waking or somnambulism, imagine themselves on a visit, or a journey, and actually spend in an agreeable dream the time which the surgeon is occupying in their dismemberment. The delight of a sufferer who, after weeks and months of torture, is cast into a quiet slumber, and after having enjoyed a particularly pleasant nap, finds that he has left his misery behind him on the operating table, may be imagined.

Not the least remarkable peculiarity of chloroform is its peculiarity of being applied in obstetric practice; for, most singularly, whilst, when so employed, it fully produces its anæsthetic effect on the system, it does not at all interfere with that peculiar muscular action which is requisite for the performance of the process adverted to. The question of the propriety or impropriety, in a medical sense, of its general administration in obstetric cases, is a professional one, which cannot be discussed here; it may, however, be remarked, that the fact that it has been successfully employed in any cases of the

kind, must narrow that question to the consideration of what and how many such may be eligible for recourse to it. Against its use in that department of medical practice, however, objections have been urged with which it certainly is within the province of common sense and common morality to deal. The prevention of the sufferings attendant on parturition, by anæsthetic agents, has been denounced as "unscriptural" and "irreligious;" an attempt to contravene the judgment of Providence on the mother of all living. This objection was not started by the prejudice and imbecility of ordinary fanaticism; it was gravely advanced by educated and even by scientific persons; nay, it was actually put forward in the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," for July, 1847. Dr. Simpson found himself obliged to write a pamphlet in reply to it; and he certainly most fully exposed its unsoundness and absurdity. For this demonstration a very moderate amount of argumentation is, however, sufficient. The severity which has inflicted bodily suffering is qualified by the mercy which has granted medicines and remedies, without prescribing any limit to their employment, whether for cure or for alleviation. If it is morally wrong to use chloroform in obstetricy, it is also wrong to give a common anodyne, or composing draught; nay, it is sinful to administer any kind of medicine whatever to any sick person: sickness, alike with all other evils, being presumed to be the penalty of transgression. Compound extract of colocynth is an impiety at this rate, and black draughts are irreligious. But apart from particulars, what are we to think of the understanding that could conceive the *evasion* of a penalty imposed by *Infinite* Power and Wisdom? The Edinburgh mind, at any rate, is not that which, one would suppose, could have imagined the possibility of frustrating a decree of Omnipotence and Omniscience.

There is, moreover, another description of cases in which the powers of chloroform are available for the purposes of the medical practitioner. The relaxation of the muscles of the limbs which it affects, renders it eminently serviceable in reducing dislocations. A powerful man, some such a Hercules as one of those sturdy specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race in the employ of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, meets with an accident which violently dislodges the head of the shoulder-bone or the thigh-bone from its socket. This accident, if not remedied, would deprive him of the means of earning his bread. The bone being out of its place, the business of the surgeon is to pull it in again. But this duty is more easily prescribed than accomplished. All the powerful muscles surrounding the joint, contracting violently, are exerting their whole force to retain the head of the bone in its unnatural position. Under the most favorable circumstances of the case, as treated by old-fashioned surgery, the reduction of the dislocation is effected with the aid of pulleys, by slowly tiring out the opposing muscles, till at last they yield from very fatigue, and allow the bone to return to its place. But this is not always practicable, and it has not unfrequently been judged necessary by surgeons to subdue the muscular action by bleeding, and the administration of remedies, such as tartrate of antimony, which produce an extreme and overwhelming prostration of the vital powers. Downright intoxication, even, has been recommended by some authors for this purpose. By the inhalation of chloroform, the required muscular conditions are readily obtained; the patient sinks into insensibility, declaring that he feels "quite jolly," and the pulleys having been previously adjusted to the limb, the dislocation is reduced without force, difficulty, or pain.

Still more striking must be the service of chloroform in a case wherein the object is a reduction of displaced parts, which, if not practicable by ordinary means, must be effected by an operation,—a step to which any seriously exhaustive measures are very undesirable preliminaries. Chloroform, moreover, affords most valuable assistance in the performance of operations, perhaps of a difficult and delicate nature, upon infants, whose acquiescence in the surgeon's proceedings is extremely to be wished for, and not usually to be obtained. To say nothing of the real blessing to mothers, and all humane persons, involved in the prevention of the poor little creature's suffering.

Chloroform has also been administered with advantage in cases of less serious interest, which sometimes occur in hospital practice. A specimen of the disorder in question is that of Mr. Simpcox, related by Shakspeare, in the second act of "Henry

the Sixth." In short, the cases alluded to are cases of shamming. A knave desirous of hospital diet and accommodation, and hospital leisure, presents himself with a stiff knee or elbow joint. A little chloroform is administered for the relief of this affliction; and the rogue, having been reduced to a state of insensibility, awakes with his limb precisely in that position in which he protested that he could not place it by any means.

It is also worthy of mention that the benefit of chloroform has been extended to the brute creation. During the unconsciousness it produces, a leopard has had a leg amputated. So remarkably savage a species of beast, indeed, has it charms to soothe, that even bears, under its tranquillizing influence, have been relieved of cataract—couched, if the phrase may be hazarded, in slumber.

But are there no objections to the use of chloroform deserving of serious consideration? There are, indeed, some very grave objections to its use. An advanced stage of pulmonary disease, malformation or disease of the heart, or tendency to apoplexy, would be objections of this nature; and an objection which comprehends them all, would be the employment of this agent by an incompetent person; that is, by any body not thoroughly acquainted with medical science. The practical value of these objections may be estimated from the fact, that, out of ten thousand cases of operation in which it was employed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, not one death took place in consequence of its administration. Were this all we knew, however, the question of its influence on the ultimate result of operations, would have still to be settled; but surgeons do not appear to consider that it acts at all prejudicially in the manner here indicated.

It is alleged that the whole number of recorded "Deaths from Chloroform" does not exceed twenty. In some of these no medical man was present; in others, it was administered without precaution, and in excess; in some, again, death seems to have been owing to other causes. There appears to be no reason for supposing that stupefaction by chloroform would be at all more likely to be followed by fatal results, than casual intoxication, as contradistinguished from habitual drunkenness.

The other objections to the use of chloroform are such as were raised against the circulation of the blood, and vaccination, and possibly against rhubarb and senna, at their first discovery. They partly proceed from a lazy dislike to learn any thing; partly from that conservative instinct, which in some minds supplies the place of intelligent circumspection as a safeguard against the dangers of innovation.

The alleged abuse of chloroform for criminal ends has attracted the attention of the Legislature, and a Bill for the Prevention of Offences has been presented to the House of Peers by Lord Campbell, in which rather prominent and discreditable mention is made of that anæsthetic fluid. A well-written pamphlet, by Dr. John Snow, will place this subject in a rational light before any one desirous of investigating it. Here it is sufficient to remark that chloroform, in order to prove effectual, requires a voluntary inhalation of some length; that animals, to be affected by it, must be caused to breathe it by main force; and that, in short, it is no more easy to stupefy any one against his will by means of chloroform, than it is by means of brandy-and-water. There can be little doubt that the persons who represent themselves to have been robbed under its influence were mistaken as to the cause of their anæsthesia, which was, in all probability, traceable, not to the terchloride of formyle, but to a certain combination of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, termed technically hydrate of oxide of ethyle, otherwise alcohol, otherwise ardent spirit, in some one or other of its various forms and combinations. No doubt, a rogue may employ the terchloride of formyle in furtherance of his base designs; but it must be with that concurrence on the part of his victim which the juvenile bird-catcher finds necessary in the application of the chloride of sodium, or common salt, to fowling purposes.

It may be inquired, in what manner does chloroform produce its extraordinary effect on the nervous system? The chloride of hydrocarbon, the nitrate of ethyle, benzoin, which is a bicarburet of hydrogen, aldehyde, bisulphuret of carbon, and sulphuric ether all differ from it more or less; the nitrous oxide or protoxide of nitrogen differs from it entirely in chemical composition; yet they agree with it in a greater or less degree in the property of producing insensibility to

pain. Our ignorance on this subject is not perhaps to be wondered at, when we consider that philosophers, notwithstanding considerable experience, have not as yet succeeded in forming a perfectly satisfactory theory of ordinary intoxication.

The discovery of chloroform is one of the many proofs which we are daily receiving of the advantage which is derived from the modern method of applying the intellect to the investigation of natural science, instead of abusing it in visionary speculations. In this discovery, the application of which to the relief of mortal suffering has been denounced by superstition, as an infringement of piety, a truly Christian philosophy should surely discern a recompense of the pursuit of truth, conducted in the desire and affection of good; and should behold an earnest of similar rewards to follow upon perseverance in the same course and spirit. Who knows to what extent the revelation of Nature's secrets may progressively increase the amount of human comfort and happiness? —seeing in how large a measure the knowledge of chloroform has stilled the shriek of agony and pain, which is so direful a discord in "the still sad music of humanity."

From "Sharpe's Magazine."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"Then I gazed into the Future far as human eye can see,
Saw the vision of the World, and all the wonders that would be."—*Locksley Hall.*

The vision of the future is vast and brilliant enough to sate the imagination of the most poetic among us; and how men who pride themselves on being very *sober* and *practical* are reconciled to the necessity for introducing visions of fairy-land into the every-day business of life, we are amused to think. Surely they are a little frightened at heart, and could very well dispense with the beauty and brilliancy of the prospect opening before them and their children's children. Beauty and brilliancy—the Fine Arts, and the Pleasing Manufactures—do not seem sound, substantial investments for the British capitalist; yet, strange to say, the British capitalist, in these latter days, begins to find that they *pay*—nay, pay *well*. What is more, the mere capitalist discovers that his contemporary, who has taste and knowledge in his brain, as well as gold in his pocket, doubles his money possessions faster than *he* does, who has no intellectual business to attend to; and thus the unskilled capitalist, like the unskilled laborer, stands no chance in the competition with the skilled. The result is, that the men who are now in the van of British commerce and manufactures are men of enlightened views and elevated aims, and those who would not imitate or co-operate with them from sympathy and confidence, are forced to do so through very shame and the fear of losing what they already possess. They do not half like the spirit of the age, but they yield to it, nevertheless, and in time will be moulded by it, and will be loth to see their children influenced by the spirit of the coming age, as it is their destiny to be. Without adequate knowledge, and without faith in the progress of humanity, such men shrink from calling up any reasonable picture of the state of things likely to grow up out of the work of this present generation. If any one present to their minds some idea of this, they do not know what to make of it.

Such a man I talked with recently, as I stood on the bridge over the Serpentine, looking at the elegant fabric that rose like an exhalation before us. His talk set me thinking of the "unknown future," and "the good old times," as he called them. While he went on with melancholy forebodings and vague visionary fears, I was calling up a picture of the past, and making him figure in it in a way he little suspected—good man and merchant as he is. I will tell you what I was thinking of, reader, provided you promise never to divulge the matter to my practical friend, who wonders "how all this nonsense of universal exhibiting and promiscuous visiting of foreigners will end!" and "what our sensible forefathers would think of that silly glass toy!"

Closing my eyes for a moment, I opened them again, and looked around. The place was the same, "but with a difference." It was Hyde Park, not as it is now, but as it was nineteen hundred years ago. All marks of civilization were gone. Park, roads, bridge, Serpentine, barracks, houses, people, all had disappeared. I stood on the verge of a

tangled thicket, which skirted a great primeval forest on the north, and the carol of innumerable birds alone broke the silence. From the spot on which I stood, the ground sloped gently for about a mile down to a broad winding river, that glittered like molten gold in the morning sun. I knew the fair stream that was one day to be called the "royal towered Thame." Wild swans sailed gracefully hither and thither over its surface, appearing and disappearing among the reeds on the bank of the opposite reach, called afterwards by the invading Saxon, Balder Sea, or the Sun God's Bay. The ground between me and the river (now populous Chelsea and Brompton) showed no trace of man or his works. Where the Hammersmith and Putney omnibuses now run, the wild roe and the fox—the snake and the lizard—the badger and the squirrel had all to themselves, save when the hungry wolf came to dispute a claim to existence with them. A rich mossy turf, broken here and there by patches of coarse grass, grose, underwood, and now and then a tall forest tree, was all that the eye could see towards the south. North, east, and west stretched the primeval forest—now bursting into leaf-bud. It might have been the inmost recess of an uninhabited island, so wild, fresh, and untrodden was the solitude. As I was enjoying the repose, and the savage beauty of the scene—quick and graceful as an aquatic bird, a coracle or light canoe shot across the stream, paddled skillfully by a human hand. Man, then, held dominion here. I watched my new acquaintance land on the near bank, and wander up and down. His attention seemed riveted on the eminence where I stood. He stopped and gazed—advanced, and stopped again. At length he stood still for some minutes, then retreated as if in alarm—again he advanced slowly. It was a strange pantomime of astonishment, fear, and curiosity. Was I, the modern Briton, clothed in broadcloth and crowned with beaver skin, the cause of all this excitement in the breast of an ancient Briton? At last courage seemed to predominate within him, and he drew near. I felt no more astonishment than one does at the strangest metamorphoses in a dream, when in the graceful form of the naked, woad-dyed, splendidly tatooed savage before me, with his long streaming black hair and short hunting-spear, I recognized my practical round-shouldered friend already introduced to the reader, although I knew well enough that he would never stir from home, on a spring morning, without his everlasting great coat, comforter, and umbrella. I was not in the least shocked, either at the coolness of his stare or of his costume; I was only a little surprised, I remember, to see how nimbly and gracefully he bounded over the ground, and to hear how remarkably well he spoke Welsh. My own sudden proficiency in that language seemed also quite a matter of course.

"Oh, son of Gwynne the brave!" he began, with an agitated voice, and fierce gleaming black eyes; "thou, too, art a seer and a prophet. Is it with thee as it is with me? Is this fair hunting-ground changed to thy view as by the wand of the sorcerer? Have the armed sons of the southern land, that dwell in palaces of stone, made this ground of the brave Trinobantes their own? Dost thou see, as I see, all this green hill, over which our fathers hunted, cut up by the accursed instruments of the Roman, and made to wave with a new grass that they will force us to eat instead of the noble acorn? Are my eyes enchanted that I no longer see the thickets that sheltered the wild beasts? Are the tall trees laid low? Is all the ground laid bare to the plough of the invader? Do I, indeed, see our descendants tamely reaping corn where we have hunted the fallow-deer and fought with the wolf?" And he tossed back his hair wildly from his face, and looked about him like a clairvoyant, who dreads the thing he sees. I looked around too. It was as he had said—a change had come o'er the scene. Between us and the river side the ground was covered with waving corn, and near at hand, on the site of the Great Exhibition, stood a farmer's dwelling, of a fashion I had never seen. A woman clothed in a flowing robe was bearing a vessel of water on her head; she had filled it from a spring that bubbled near; and laborers were scattered in the fields. The scene was no longer one of savage beauty. The hand of man had converted it into one of agricultural industry and prosperous repose.

"Oh, most noble Trinobant!" I replied, "to me, as to thee, it is given to discern the things which are yet in the bosom of futu-

rity; but this future that I gaze upon is fairer and more desirable than that state of things in which you have lived. See here abundance. Food for a score where was lately barely food for one man, and that obtained at peril of his life. Say, is it not better so?" I turned, and the slight motion recalled me from my short dream.

"Better, how?" asked Mr. Jones, testily: "I have been talking this half hour about the dreadful spirit of innovation, (improvement, enlightenment, you call it;) I have been telling you of the corruption of morals that this terrible influx of foreigners will cause among us; to say nothing of the revolutionary spirit they will spread among the disaffected lower classes; I even tell you of the horrid conspiracy they had formed to murder our blessed queen and her artist-husband, and which was fortunately discovered and knocked on the head by a policeman, and you actually turn round and ask me if it is not *better* so. Allow me to say that you young fellows of the progress-party are all a little mad. Good morning! I can't stand looking at that great glittering bazaar any longer. And if you'll take a lesson from the wisdom of your ancestors—"

"I shall come to the same conclusion as if I took a lesson from you," I said, laughing.

"The creature *man* is the same in all ages; it is only the costume that is different," said the commonplace philosopher. "Your great glass-house, and the communion of all people within it, will never change his nature a bit, unless to make him more conceited and less simple in his habits. We shall all be wanting to live in glass-houses next."

"Well," I replied, eagerly, "and what harm would there be in that?"

"Oh, none; only the little boys of the next generation must learn not to throw stones. Glass-houses, indeed! what nonsense! Good morning."

And away went the old-fashioned gentleman, flourishing his umbrella and muttering to himself.

Ten minutes afterwards I stood within the Crystal Palace, and forgot him and all other things but that wondrous structure. The *coup d'œil* of the whole from the central point of the ground-floor is astounding. The immense length, the height of the transept, the light and elegant supports and galleries; the innumerable right-lines, forming symmetrical figures of various sizes, but perfectly harmonious in their combination; the fine lines spread net-wise over the roof, as if it were the work of a huge geometric spider; the unsubdued light, the aërial, cheerful elegance, produce the strangest sensation of novelty, at the first glance. The feeling of admiration deepens as you remember how rapidly this enormous building has sprung up at the will of an energetic nation. As you move slowly along, and begin to understand how strong and firm it all is, more and more are you astonished that it should be so, for it looks ten times more unsubstantial from within that it does from without. It seems like a mere network of lines and light, like a morning mist ready to dissolve into thin air, and

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

You cannot class it with the great works of architecture. Solidity, massiveness, the fretted vault, the sculptured capital, the solemn depth of shadow, and the partial light, revealing more by their mysterious blending and contrast than the flood of day pouring into the Crystal Palace on all sides, above and around; all these are wanted here. There is too much blank light, and there is no shadow at all. On a sunny day it has a wonderfully airy and gay effect, and if it may not be properly pronounced grand or beautiful, it is very elegant and gigantically pretty. It does not bring thoughts of the great supernatural ideas which overarch our mortal life. It does not help to move

> "the burden of the mystery
> Of all this unintelligible world"

from our hearts. We do not feel as we look around, that we are brought nearer to the eternal, immutable, all-perfect Source and Centre of all things; we do not pause and keep silence because the place is hallowed by the inspiration of a lofty genius. No, we are moved to surprise and admiration at the wonderful *cleverness* of the whole, the signal evidence of the power and intelligence of civilized man to create new worlds (material worlds) out of the fair globe which we inhabit; and we are lost in speculating as to how far off from his present stage of mechanical skill is the point at which God will say to man, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther." As far as reason will carry

us now, we may safely say that point is far distant.

The feeling of strangeness and novelty, combined with that of airy cheerfulness, is what takes possession of the mind on first entering the Crystal Palace. The sort of thing is quite new, and you have no foregone conclusions, about what it ought or ought not to be like, to reconcile with your first impressions. After the novelty has ceased to astonish, as you wander along the elegant airy galleries, and look down into the vast nave, slowly, a true perception of the enormous size of the building steals into the mind. You see wagons and horses standing in the transept, and they look like children's toys. Large old elms spread their branches and seem small; the very sparrows believe they are flying about under the blue canopy of heaven. As you are looking at the pigmy size of a fellow-creature below, you see many more,—about five thousand workmen, returning hurriedly from dinner. They blacken the ground near the entrance like swarming emmets. This lasts only for a few minutes; they disperse themselves throughout the building, and it seems empty once more. An army could perform its evolutions conveniently in that long-drawn nave. The galleries themselves are the most charming promenades imaginable, and to see a gorgeous procession sweep through them in the sunshine will be an enlivening sight. As it stands, the only fault that I can find with the appearance of the Crystal Palace is the flat roof of the nave. It would have been better, I think, had it been vaulted like the transept. The blue paint used in the decoation is also not quite pleasing; it should have been of a more delicate hue. When the awning is placed under the roof and along the south side of the building, the effect of the whole interior will be much improved. At present, there is too much light; articles valuable for their color will lose all richness in the glare. The want of shadow, too, reminds one of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. A tinted awning would remove these objections very easily. It is a most surprising thing that there should be so little to find fault with, and that the projectors should have had so little difficulty in executing so great and elegant a design. Perhaps it would have been impossible, in ten years' study, to have hit upon any thing more appropriate for the intended Exhibition. Mr. Paxton's words occurred to us often while we were wandering about among the bales and packing-cases assembled from every land "from Indus to the Pole." He says in a paper addressed to the Society of Arts on the 13th of November, 1850:—"A structure where the industry of all nations is intended to be exhibited, should, it is presumed, present to parties from all nations a building for the exhibition of their arts and manufactures, that, while it affords ample accommodation and convenience for the purposes intended, would of itself be the most singular and peculiar feature of the Exhibition. How far this has been accomplished, I must leave to the community to decide."

The community will pronounce a decision thoroughly satisfactory to the able projector of the edifice; of that there is little doubt; and we hope future communities, as well as the present generation, will have further cause to be grateful to the memory of Mr. Paxton. May his wish of converting the whole into a winter garden, after it has served its original purpose, be realized! He says, "I would convert the building into a permanent winter garden, and would then make carriage drives and equestrian promenades through it. Pedestrians would have about two miles of galleries, and two miles of walks upon the ground-floor, and sufficient room would then be left for plants. The whole intermediate spaces between the walks and drives would be planted with shrubs and climbers from temperate climes. In summer the upright glass might be removed, so as to give the appearance of continuous park and garden."

Think of the blessing this winter garden would be to invalids, studious persons, and young children! Of the fashionable world we take no account; they are well able to provide for their own pleasures. Surely there is something very nearly akin to genius in the man who plans a Crystal Palace (the very name seems taken from an Arabian tale!) for the purpose of collecting within it all the cunningly devised works of every nation under heaven, that each may see how clever the others are, and learn from and esteem them accordingly; and then proposes to convert it into a garden more beautiful than the far-famed hanging one of the Babylonian Semiramis. And if

the ingenuity, taste, and skill of the man who devised the building deserve the thanks and admiration of the world, what shall we say of the mind of the man who first proposed to the country the whole scheme of a *Great Industrial Exhibition for all Nations*? When you, good reader, hold this in your hand, the completed plan will be in operation; and, as far as may be judged from the promising state of matters now, it will be as successful as its projector and his royal wife can desire. But if it were not to prove successful—were it even to turn out a complete failure, we should say that it was an idea worthy of a great prince—noble, benevolent, and of extended utility. The spirit in which the thing was conceived, is that in which it should be carried through. What the nature of that spirit is, cannot be better described than in Prince Albert's own words, addressed to an assembly of dignitaries of the chief cities of the British Empire. When we remember that the person who speaks is a young prince, and a foreigner, this beautiful speech is the more remarkable.

"I conceive it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives, and as far as in him lies to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained. Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end, to which, indeed, all history points, the realization of the unity of mankind."

It may fairly be disputed whether all history *does* point to such an end, but I suppose most men would be glad enough to believe it, and at all events we congratulate the prince whose heart and imagination are kept for ever warm by such a thought. He goes on eloquently, thus:—

"Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the results and products of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirement placed within the reach of every body; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning. On the other hand, the great principle of the division of labor, which may be called the moving power of civilization, is extended to all branches of science, industry, and art. Whilst formerly the greatest mental energies strove at universal knowledge, and that knowledge was confined to the few, now they are directed to specialities, and in these again even to the minutest points. But the knowledge acquired becomes at once the property of the community at large; whilst formerly discovery was wrapt in secresy, it results from the publicity of the present day, that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is already improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts. The products of all quarters of the globe are placed at our disposal, and we have only to choose which is the best and cheapest for our purposes, and the powers of production are intrusted to the stimulus of competition and capital. So man is approaching a more complete fulfillment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and, by making these laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use—himself a divine instrument. Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw material which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge; art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance with them. The Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting-point from which all nations will be able to direct their future exertions. I confidently hope that the first impression which the view of this vast collection will produce on the spectator, will be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which he has bestowed upon us already here below; and the second, the

conviction that they can only be realized in proportion to the help which we are prepared to render to each other; therefore, only by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between the nations of the earth."

Honor to the head and to the heart of the man who has set himself to work to lay the foundation of a temple of Concord; not the old Pagan deity, but the most noble Christian virtue, Charity. The result, if it do not equal his hopes, (which, alas! cannot be expected of any earthly scheme,) will, we trust, be of immense immediate advantage to all nations, and that it must have incalculable effects for good in future days, we feel to be as certain as that two and two make four. The city of London will probably profit immensely by the influx of visitors in a mere money sense, and we can conceive few events more calculated to enlighten and improve John Bull's estimate of foreign nations than the visits of so many to this land of ours,—

> "This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
> This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise,
> This fortress built by nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war."

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur. Old John of Gaunt, had he lived in these days, would have joined heartily with Prince Albert in his desire to show England what other nations can do in the useful arts, and he would have felt that more good would be done to John Bull by the friendly shakes of the hand he will have to give to outlandish foreigners, whom he has been taught to despise, than John Bull has any notion of. Nothing smooths away misunderstanding and ill-grounded dislike like personal contact. Many persons, I know, are in a terrible state of alarm at the revolutionary crowd from the Continent that may be expected to inundate London, and poison the minds of our innocent tradesmen and artisans. Such persons show a marvellous want of perception of the grand characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race; to them we say, Wait and see.

The material of the Great Palace itself is now attracting much attention, with a view to the erection of dwelling-houses of a similar kind; and if the window-tax be abolished, glass will be as common as brick and mortar. Of the antiquity of the manufacture of glass, and the course of its improvement up to the present time, some idea may be gathered from the following extracts from Rees' Encyclopedia:—

"De Neri will have glass to be as ancient as Job, for that writer speaking of wisdom, (chap. xxviii. ver. 17,) says, 'Gold and glass shall not be equalled to it.' This, we are to observe, is the reading of the Septuagint, Vulgate Latin, St. Jerome, Pineda, &c., for in the English version, instead of glass we read crystal.

"Most authors will have Aristophanes to be the first author who mentions glass: Aristotle has two problems upon glass; the first, Why we see through it: the second, Why it is not malleable. If these problems be Aristotle's, which the learned very much doubt, this would be the earliest testimony in favor of the antiquity of glass; but the first author who makes unquestionable mention of this matter is Alexander Aphrodisæus, who uses it as a simile,—'As the floridness of a color is seen through glass.' Among the Latin writers Lucretius is the first that takes notice of glass,—'*Nisi recta foramina tranant, qualia sunt vitri.*' Dr. Merret, however, adds that glass could not be unknown to the ancients, but that it must needs be as ancient as pottery itself, or the art of making bricks. How old soever glass may be, the art of making and working it appears of no great antiquity. The first place mentioned for the making thereof is Sidon, in Syria, which was famous for glass and glass-houses. The first time we hear of glass made among the Romans was in the time of Tiberius, when Pliny relates that an artist had his house demolished for making glass malleable, or, rather, flexible; though Petronius Arbiter, and some others, assure us that the emperor ordered the artist to be beheaded for his invention. According to Bede, artificers skilled in making glass were brought over into England in the year 674 by Abbot Benedict, who were employed in glazing the church and monastery of Wearmouth. Till this time the art of making glass was unknown in Britain; though glass windows did not begin to be used before the year 1180. Venice for many years excelled all Europe in the fineness of its glasses; and in the thirteenth century the Venetians

were the only people that had the secret of making crystal looking-*glasses*. The great glass-works were at Muran or Murano, a village near the city, which furnished all Europe with the finest and largest glasses.

"The glass manufacture was begun in England in 1557; the finer sort was made in the place called Crutched Friars, in London; the fine flint glass, little inferior to that of Venice, was first made in Savoy House, in the Strand, London. The first glass plates, for looking-glasses and coach windows, were made in 1673, at Lambeth, by the encouragement of the Duke of Buckingham; who, in 1670, introduced the manufacture of fine glass into England, by means of Venetian artists, with amazing success, so that within a century past, the French and English have not only come up to, but even surpassed the Venetians, and we are now no longer supplied from abroad. The French made a considerable improvement in the art of Glass, by the invention of a method to cast very large plates, till then unknown, and scarce practised yet by any but themselves and the English."

If the reader is curious concerning the latest improvements in the art of glass-making, he would do well to read a book recently published by A. Pellatt, (Bogue, Fleet-street,) from which he will learn much, and be amused much. Full as London is every year of exhibitions for the delectation of visitors, this *annus mirabilis* will far outdo every former year. The great one will not swallow up the smaller ones. Of some of these, the most memorable, we shall probably give some account in a future number. Two or three panoramas of considerable interest we hear talked of already: one of these, occupying the ground of the old Chinese Exhibition, is likely to be among the most popular, embodying the principal sites and scenes of Scripture history, from correct sketches by Mr. Bartlett. When pains-taking artists of this kind are copied by the projectors of panoramas, it is a decided advantage to the sight-seeing multitude, who thus see only what is real, instead of what is doubtful, claptrap, or decidedly bad. Another of the marvellous London sights will be Wyld's large globe, in Leicester Square. It is something to have geography and a few kindred *ologies* made easy for the million; and it is also something (no little, I should say, if I lived in the neighborhood) to get that mournful receptacle for rubbish—the area of Leicester Square—covered over at all. Honor to the map-seller! *Vive Monsieur Wyld!* echo the Frenchmen of the *quartier*.

PAST AND FUTURE.

BY ANNABEL C——.

MEMORY.

DEEM not in its hour of birth
Joy hath left the earth;
Or that its glory cannot last,
When the hour is past.

For, however dear and close
To your heart it rose,
Memory makes it far more bright;
Haloes it with light.

Raindrops, they are very fair
In the cloudy air;
But,—the sun upon his way,—
How much fairer they!

Like those drops our joys are, when
Present to our ken;
Memory, like the sun, will cast
Brightness o'er the past.

HOPE.

HOPE—hope on!
Hope is my motto still!
And that single word is one
Can shield from a world of ill.

Dark may the morning be,
Sunless, and sad, and cold;
Yet beauty may we see
Or ever the day be old.

Like a steady star that shines
Through an alley of forest trees,
And over, betwixt their lines,
Its light the traveller sees;

So, with shining Hope before,
Joyfully pass we on;
Troubles we see no more:
We see but the light alone.

VAGUE, injurious reports are no men's lies, but all men's carelessness.

HAPPINESS—the moon for which the world is always crying.

From "Sharpe's Magazine."

INCIDENTS IN THE WAR OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

PART I.—THE SOLDIER CURENO.

The route from Guadalajara to Tessic traverses the Sierra-Madre. There yet remain in this chain of mountains, with their barren sides rising in sharp peaks, and descending in rugged precipices, indelible marks of the War of Independence. I was impatient to visit this interesting part of Mexico, and Captain Don Ruperto, on his part, eagerly desired to return to those plains of the Sierra which reminded him of many adventurous days and nights of his youth; it was not, however, until we arrived at the plain of Santa-Isabel, two days after leaving the village of Ahuacatlan, that we at length perceived the blue summits of the Cordillèra. From that moment we hastened our steps by mutual consent, and a few hours' riding across the tall grass brought us in front of a bamboo hut, which Captain Ruperto had previously indicated as our halting-place.

"Halloo! Cureño," cried the captain, reining in his horse before the hut; "halloo! are you dead or alive?"

"Who calls?" replied a broken and feeble voice from the interior of the cabin.

"The Captain Castaños, *con mil diablos!*" returned the warrior, "who fired the cannon of which your back was the supporter."

A frightful figure appeared on the threshold of the hut; it was that of an old man terribly distorted, whose spine seemed dislocated and bent. The poor creature was unable to walk, he could only crawl. His features, although contracted by old age and suffering, still retained an expression of nobleness and pride which struck me. On his forehead, marked by deep wrinkles and projecting veins, his long white hair fell in disorder. His arms were encircled with veins as thick as the branches of an ivy which has grown old while clinging to a fine oak. At the sight of this aged man, with his wrinkled face half concealed by his abundant hair, one might have compared him to a decrepit lion maimed in the flower of his age and strength by the ball of the hunter.

"Well, my good Cureño," exclaimed the captain, "I am happy to find one of the ruins of ancient times still alive."

"Our ranks are getting thinner, it is true," replied the old man; "in a few years they will seek in vain for the first soldiers of the Independence."

"And Guanajuateña, is she not here?" asked Castaños.

"I have been left alone for a year past. She sleeps yonder."

He pointed to a tamarind-tree situated at a few steps from the hut.

"May God rest her soul!" said the captain; "but you must acknowledge, my good fellow, that your services have been ill recompensed."

"What do I need beyond a little corner of ground to live and be buried in?" calmly replied the old man. "Was it the hope of a recompense that made us of old willing to exhaust our strength? Posterity will remember the name of Cureño, and that is sufficient."

The question of Don Ruperto, and the reply of the old soldier, made me believe that I beheld one of those men whom, after having sacrificed them, a fatal destiny had consigned to oblivion. But what unknown hero did I then behold? That I knew not. We dismounted near the hut, into which we entered. There I listened, without understanding a syllable, to a conversation which turned exclusively on the events of the war against the Spaniards. Unfortunately I did not possess the key of the facts which the two speakers were recalling. At the end of about half an hour, as we had some distance to go in order to reach the *venta* we prepared to continue our journey.

"You have a capital charger there," said our host to me, approaching my horse as I was putting my foot in the stirrup.

At the sight of that distorted being, creeping, thus to speak, up to him, the animal took fright, and attempted to rear; but at that moment the arm of Cureño was extended towards him, and the horse remained immovable—panting from terror.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"It is nothing," replied the old man in his feeble voice; "I am holding your horse under you."

I leant forward on my saddle, and saw, with amazement, that one of the legs of the horse seemed as if riveted to the earth by a chain of iron.

"Shall I loose my hold?" said the old man, laughing.

"If it is your good pleasure," replied I, to this Milo of Crotona; "for I see my horse is not the stronger of the two."

Scarcely was he disengaged from this formidable restraint, when the terrified animal sprang aside, and I had the greatest difficulty in bringing him back again to the hut.

"Alas!" said the old man, sighing, "since a certain blow from a cannon, which this Don Ruperto fired, I stoop more and more every day."

"What were you, then, in your youth, Signor Cureño?" asked I.

"Castaños will tell you," replied the old soldier, of whom we took leave as soon as the captain had promised to spend a whole day with him in the hut on his return.

After two hours' riding we reached the venta, a white house surrounded by colonnades, and roofed with red tiles like all the ventas of Mexico, and having done ample justice to a repast ordered by Don Ruperto, we strolled into the grounds before the hotel. We were on the point of leaving an avenue overgrown with moss, when the captain suddenly stopped, and pointed to the ground. At our feet I perceived, half embedded in the soil, a cannon which the insurgents had dragged from the borders of the Pacific Ocean to this most remote boundary of the state of Jalisco. The soldier seated himself on the cannon, and invited me to place myself beside him. The deep blue sky was bespangled with innumerable stars; the air was mild; around the fires before the venta were seated the muleteers singing their simple tunes; the ringing of the little bells of the mules reached us, accompanied by the soft sounds of the guitar; the watch-dogs answered by their plaintive barking to the indistinct and distant sounds which were wafted by the evening breeze. In leading me to this retired spot, the captain said he had deemed the time and place suitable for continuing the relation of his military adventures. I hastened to express my concurrence with this opinion, and Don Ruperto, thus encouraged, commenced a long narration, to which I listened attentively, seated on the rusted cannon, round which large tufts of wild wormwood interlaced their stems, and diffused their powerful odors.

After a series of skirmishes, (commenced the captain,) we halted at a place called Las Animas. A sad spectacle was presented by our troops on that day. Panting from thirst and fatigue, we lay on a soil strewn with the carcasses of our horses and mules of burden. A gloomy silence overspread the camp, interrupted from time to time by the agonizing cries of the wounded, who, tortured by thirst, wildly craved a drop of water to refresh their parched mouths. A few soldiers moved like spectres amongst these bodies, of whom some were apparently dying, others were already dead. The sentinels had scarcely strength to hold their muskets during the tumult around the camp. I, myself, was almost worn out, and to disguise my thirst, had pressed the hilt of my sabre to my lips. Not far from me, the woman to whom Albino Caute had entrusted the care of his son, and whom I had taken into my service in compliance with the dying requests of my former companion, was repeating her rosary in tears, and imploring all the saints in Paradise to send us a cloud charged with rain. The saints, unfortunately, were not in the humor to listen to us that evening, for the sun set gloriously in a sky of undisturbed serenity. As for me, I prayed God that some marauders of my troop, who had left the camp on the discovery of some concealed springs, might succeed in their expedition, and, above all, not forget their captain. God was more gracious than the saints invoked by the poor woman who was praying at my side; he heard me favorably, for soon I discovered one of our marauders returning to the camp with rapid strides. It was the man you have seen, the companion of Guanajuateña. At that time he had not changed the name of Valdivia for that of Cureño, nor was he so frightfully maimed as you have seen him; the trunk of a pine was not straighter nor more robust than his form. You, yourself, have had a proof of his herculean strength; I need not say more about it. I shall content myself with telling you that his intelligence and courage equalled his physical powers. On every occasion, even the most critical, Valdivia knew how to act.

"*Signor Capitano,*" said he, advancing mysteriously towards me, enveloped in the cloak of a Spanish dragoon, which he had picked up on the field of battle, "I have brought you a leathern bottle containing a few drops of water for yourself, the child, and his nurse, but I should wish no one to see us."

"Some water!" cried I, too much delighted to heed Valdivia's prudent advice.

"Hush!" resumed he; "if you attend to me, you will not drink until night, and when you have quenched your thirst, I will tell you where there is water in abundance, and make a proposition you will like."

I eagerly extended my hand to seize the bottle. "Give it to me, for God's sake!" exclaimed I, "my thirst is consuming me, and can I wait till night?"

"In ten minutes it will be dark. On reflection, I will keep the water, for I do not wish the furious soldiers to attempt to kill you, in order to obtain it. In the mean time, get your horse saddled, and then join me under that 'mesquite,' where mine is all ready. We shall be obliged to mount directly. There remain here about a hundred horsemen; give them orders to wait for us yonder in the plain. We will tell the sentinels we are going in search of water, and they will let us pass without waking the general."

Valdivia walked away, and in spite of my entreaties took with him the bottle of water. I hastened to obey his injunctions, and at nightfall, our horsemen, quite prepared for departure, awaited us in the place appointed. I took my horse by the bridle, led away the woman and child, and rejoined Valdivia. Instead of a few drops of water, as he had promised, he presented me with a bottleful of that precious liquid. So great was my thirst, that I found considerable difficulty in preventing myself from draining the contents of the bottle; however, I left a sufficient quantity for the woman and little Albino, and when the bottle was empty—"Let us hear," said I to Valdivia, "what you have to propose."

"To go," returned he, "with your hundred horsemen and take possession of a *hacienda*, two leagues from here, where there is water in abundance, and which is now occupied by a Spanish detachment.

"We will go," said I, "but if it is so, why should you not inform the general, and ask for a thousand men?"

"Why?" returned Valdivia, "because the general is no longer master of his troops, and any order he might give at this moment would but hasten the explosion of a conspiracy for delivering the army to the Spanish. Yes, Signor Capitano, if we do not instantly take possession of the hacienda of San Eustaquio, into which I have been able to creep alone and fill this bottle, to-morrow General Rayou will not have a soldier;—there is a traitor among us, and this traitor is no other than General Ponce."

As Valdivia finished speaking, a great tumult was heard at one extremity of the camp. It soon increased. Torches flared on all sides, illuminating groups of soldiers whose cries reached us. By the gleam of the torches we perceived General Rayou leaving his tent and advancing alone, bareheaded, towards the most infuriated; but his voice, generally so much respected, seemed unrecognized.

"I was mistaken by a day," said Valdivia; "however, the general will probably quiet the malcontents until sunrise. Let us be off, there's no time to lose; this night we must be back and able to announce to the general that the troops shall be supplied with water to-morrow."

The tumult continued, although it was less clamorous, and the voice of the general, which we were able to hear, prevailed by degrees over that of the mutineers. I mounted my horse, and advised Valdivia to do the same.

"I must first," said he, "bring you one of the enemy's sentinels with whom I have taken care to provide myself."

Without waiting to explain these enigmatical words, Valdivia departed, but soon I saw him returning with a black moving mass under his arm. When he approached, I discovered that this mass was a man dressed in the costume of a Spanish lancer. Valdivia set the man down on the ground, loosened his cords, made him mount behind him. My robust companion had found that the shortest method of reaching the well of the hacienda was, to bind the sentinel placed near the cistern, and take him with us as a necessary guide in our nocturnal excursion. How had he effected this hardy enterprise? how had he taken from his post the Spanish

lancer and bound him on his horse? Valdivia had no need to tell me; his nervous arms gave me more information on that subject than his words. The camp had again become calm, during the short absence of Valdivia; it only remained for us bravely to continue the undertaking so happily commenced. We then went without delay to rejoin the horsemen who awaited us in the plain, and at the head of this small troop, we rode towards the hacienda, spurring to the utmost our weary horses. During the journey, we interrogated the prisoner concerning the situation and strength of the Spanish garrison which occupied the hacienda of San Eustaquio. This garrison was composed, said the lancer, of about 500 men, under the orders of Commandant Larrainzar, a proud, brutal man, detested by his soldiers. We obtained still further information of the position of the troops and the places least defended. It was not, however, without great difficulty that we were able with our attenuated horses, and on terrible roads, to clear the two or three leagues which separated the hacienda from our camp, You will readily understand why the route was so difficult, when I explain our situation to you. Not far from the town of Zacatecas, which General Rayou sought to obtain, although he knew it to be occupied by the enemy, the Sierra-Madre is divided into two branches. The first, that on which we are now stationed, runs from north to south, parallel with the shores of the Pacific; the other runs from north to east, following the curve of the Gulf of Mexico. On one of the most elevated points of this last ramification was situated the hacienda of which we wished to possess ourselves. It occupied the extremity of one of the largest plains of the Cordillera.

PART II.—THE VOLADERO.

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding across the trees, formed a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. The rear was protected by an unfathomable abyss. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular, one chiselled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which incessantly boiled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depth. This place was known in the country by the name of "*the Voladero.*"

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day, the passage wonld not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement, and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task even for as practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farm-house and the abyss of the *Voladero.* I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was but just wide enough for the four legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retrace my steps.

"Halloo!" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself,—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine; keep back"

It was too late; at that moment a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses, which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced towards me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not return?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we were both placed.

"Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path which we had traversed, or even to dismount from them,—these were three impossibilities which placed us both in

presence of a certain doom; between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become the prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face,—the unknown horseman and myself; our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence; above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distant from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for *Mexico and the Insurgents?*" I exclaimed in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman if he answered me in the negative.

"*Mexico e Insurgente*—that is my watch-word," replied the cavalier; "I am the Colonel Garduño.'

"And I am the Captain Castaños!"

Our acquaintance was of long standing, and, but for our mutual agitation, we should have had no need to exchange our names, The colonel had left us two days since at the head of a detachment, which we supposed to be either prisoners or cut off, for he had not been seen to return to the camp.

"Well! colonel," I exclaimed, I am sorry you are not a Spaniard,—for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hand in the holsters of my saddle to draw out my pistols.

"I see it so plainly," replied the colonel with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact, that the colonel already held his pistols in his hand. We both maintained the most profound silence. Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. "What are we going to do?" I demanded of the colonel.

"Draw lots which of the two shall leap into the ravine."

It was in truth the sole means of resolving the difficulty. "There are nevertheless some precautions to take," said the colonel. "He who shall be condemned by lot shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but in short, it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You cling not to life then?" I cried out, terrified at the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself," sharply replied the colonel, "for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is slipping away: are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery, at which one of us will ever assist?"

How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? by means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail like the schoolboys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudently stretched out above the heads of our frightened horses might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin. The night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The colonel bethought him of an expedient of which I never should have dreamed.

"Listen to me, captain," said the colonel, to whom I had communicated my perplexities, "I have another way. The terror which our horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—"

"Wins!" I hastily exclaimed.

"Not so,—shall be the loser. I know that you are a countryman, and such as you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore the gown of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh,—to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter."

We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. This silence lasted for a minute,—for an age! It was my horse who neighed the first. The colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy, but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will allow me a minute to make my peace with Heaven?" I said to the colonel, with failing voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"They will," I replied. The colonel drew out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the colonel.

I answered nothing, and with infirm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, which I drew within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

"Yet one moment more," I said to the colonel, "for I have need of all my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manœuvre which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Garduño.

My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horseback. I may say without flattering myself, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst,—I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my rencontre with the colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle and the hams as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and, with the bridle, the body, and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already at a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments,—and then recommenced the same manœuvre. All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame; I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a single tuft of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement, joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle, or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot and in reach of my hand was passed a sharp and keen knife; I drew it forth from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebræ unites itself with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over towards the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion, and, for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved,—I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by a cry of the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then arose, cleared at a few

bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk in a swoon upon the ground. When I reopened my eyes, the colonel was by my side.

PART III.—THE HACIENDA.

After having congratulated me on my address and presence of mind, Garduño asked me by what chance I was alone, at that hour of the night, near a building containing a Spanish garrison. I then told him of the project which had brought us thither —myself and my men.

"How many soldiers have you under your orders?" he inquired of me.

"About a hundred,—all resolute to drink or die." At this news, I saw the officer's eyes sparkle with almost ferocious satisfaction. "You, too, are suffering from thirst?" I resumed.

"The thirst of vengeance!" replied the officer; "and this is why, in spite of the almost entire loss of my detachment, I wander day and night about the neighborhood to find some occasion of avenging myself."

"Of what, colonel?"

"An outrage, which I shall never outlive if I wash it not out in blood; or unless, at least, I render back shame for shame. I have still about fifty men here," continued the colonel, who seemed unwilling to explain himself any further, "and I am ready to join them with yours."

I directed the colonel to the spot where he would find them, and hastened to rejoin my troops, who awaited me impatiently. I had scarcely related my adventure to Valdivia when Garduño joined us with his fifty men. We learned from him that he had attacked the hacienda the day before, and had been repulsed with considerable loss. We set ourselves to deliberate, and the colonel submitted the Spanish prisoner to a severe examination. He then gave the order to march, and, as we drew near the hacienda—

"Think you," he said to the Spaniard, "that there is a sentinel up in the tower?"

"There is always one at night," replied the captive; "but you have the chance that he may have fallen asleep at his post, where there is no one to keep a watch over him."

At the very moment the Spaniard was speaking, the cries of "*Alerta sentinella!*" resounded all over the hacienda; we followed attentively the different voices which replied, and died away in the distance. No sound issued from the stone case of the clock tower: the sentinel was then asleep.

"Ah, if we had but a single piece of cannon!" exclaimed Valdivia; "then, while fifty men scaled the terraces of the building by the aid of their *lassoos*, we could batter and breach in the doorway, and take these dogs of Gachupines between two fires."

"We have left a gun under some bushes not far from hence," said the colonel, "but it is of no use; the supports are broken; it is a bit of useless brass."

"Have you got any ammunition?" I inquired, in my turn.

"The cannon lies beside its *caisson* filled with ammunition," resumed Garduño; "but, as I tell you, it is like a fusil without a stock."

I cast a glance at the nervous arm of Valdivia; he understood me at once.

"I will take some men with me, and go and look for it," said Valdivia. "Gentlemen, this evening we shall all of us drink at our ease." With these words Valdivia prepared to start.

"But you do not mean to go alone?" said I to him.

"My faith!—if the gun is no heavier than a horse with his rider, I can very well manage to bring it here without assistance."

"But it weighs much heavier," resumed the colonel; "ten men, who know where the cannon lies, shall accompany you."

At the end of a quarter of an hour the men returned. They had harnessed their horses with cords around the piece of dismounted cannon, which they dragged over the unequal ground. Sometimes an obstacle would render the gun immovable; Valdivia then stooped down, made a powerful effort, and the cannon being freed, slid afresh along the surface. I then ranged my men, in silence, about three hundred paces distant from the hacienda.

"Now, my friends," said I, "we have two methods of attack: the first is to raise our war-cry simultaneously, after the manner of the Indians; the second is to scale the hacienda, whilst we cannonade the gate; the prisoner will accompany you, and act as a faithful guide under pain of death; and

whilst we enter by the breach, you will enter by the terraces; but this second plan can only be adopted provided we find fifty men sufficiently brave, agile, and determined, to scale a wall looking into a precipice, the bottom of which cannot be seen. Indeed, after a certain distance, the man who is falling looks not for it."

"I will go first!" cried the colonel, who had heard me attentively; "and, perhaps, as the reward of our audacity, we shall be fortunate enough to possess ourselves of the commandant!"

"He has offended you deeply, it appears," said I to the colonel.

"Mortally. He has inflicted a mortal outrage upon me."

The example of the colonel encouraged the soldiers, and soon the former was permitted to choose, amongst all those who presented themselves, the strongest and most active to accompany him.

Of this band, the least enthusiastic was evidently the Spanish prisoner, to whom the idea of scaling a wall, which rose perpendicularly to the height of twenty-five feet above a frightful precipice, was far from pleasing.

The fifty men selected by the colonel commenced their preparations for scaling. The massive building was adorned with numerous "almenas," (a species of battlements,) which denoted the rank of the proprietor. Each soldier was furnished with his *lazo*, of which a ring of iron formed the sliding knot. In one minute, from each of these battlements was suspended a loose cord, the extremity of which surrounded the stone projection. Before the signal for commencing the scaling was given, we agreed, Garduño and I, that the soldiers of the colonel should not attack the enemy's garrison until the third report of the cannon; three cannon balls appeared to us more than sufficient to destroy the gate. These arrangements being made, the colonel, with his usual calmness, seized the loose cord which was to serve as his ladder, and put it in the hands of the prisoner, commanding him to precede him.

When the Spaniard had raised himself some feet above the ground, Don Garduño placed his poignard between his teeth, and rose in his turn. The soldiers followed his example, and soon we saw fifty men, raising themselves by means of their hands on the cord, and their feet against the wall, floating above the precipice like so many demons, who seemed to issue from the abyss.

Although perilous in itself,—for a sudden dizziness, or the rupture of one of the lazos, might have launched a man into eternity, this ascension was nevertheless easier than the attack which I was to make. The sentinel, even if he had faithfully kept watch, could not have perceived the assailants; the wall concealed them; but the post we had selected presented another kind of danger: we were soon to leave the cover of the trees which concealed us from the sentinels, and to enter the open country embarrassed with a cannon which we were obliged to drag by force of arm. Happily, we performed this march without any accident, and when we saw the last of our men set foot on the terrace of the hacienda, Valdivia and I began to act the part allotted to us.

I first gave orders to charge the cannon. Those who had dragged it, harnessed their horses again, and we advanced; but we had scarcely moved half a dozen steps when a sentinel perceived us, gave the alarm, and discharged his carabine. The ball, happily, reached none of our party, and we redoubled our efforts to bring the cannon to the place where we supposed the gate to be, which we intended to destroy. Other reports of guns soon reached our ears; and in the courts of the hacienda we heard the drums beating and the clarions sounding. There was no longer any hope of our surprising the garrison, and I gave orders to my troops to raise loud and shrill cries, changing the intonation of their voices every time. By means of this artifice, it appeared as if five hundred men were raising their voices almost at the same moment. The report of the cannon, which I fired, sounded from all the echoes.

Soon the wall was lined with Spanish soldiers, and the discharges succeeded each other rapidly. Although they began to be destructive, so great was the ardor of our troops that not one of the men gave way. We replied to the fire of the enemy. Those who were dragging the cannon increased their exertions; but, just as they were about to turn the angle of the wall to face the one in which the great gate was situated, a deep and broad moat appeared. Without a

bridge, it was impossible to overcome this unexpected obstacle.

"We will throw down a portion of the wall," said Valdivia. These bricks will offer less resistance than a gate of oak supported by iron."

"That is true," returned I; and I descended to point the piece before charging it; but just as I was taking my aim I uttered a cry of disappointment; on account of the height of the wall, and the inequality of the soil, the cannon ball could only reach a slope, on which were placed quantities of bricks. All our efforts were in vain. How, in fact, were we to lower or raise the mouth of a cannon deprived of its carriage? Meanwhile, a shower of balls was discharged on us. Our position became critical. We could not, without ladders, scale a wall defended by a well-maintained fire, and the fifty men who were to unite their attack with ours, ran the risk of being killed or taken prisoners without any advantage to us,

"How much is wanting for the cannon to play upon the wall?" asked Valdivia.

"A foot and a half," replied I, measuring again the ground, and drawing with my eye a line to the foot of the wall.

"And if you had a carriage a foot and a half high, you could open a breach?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, my back shall serve for a carriage," resumed Valdivia.

"You are joking!"

"No; I am speaking seriously."

Every one knew the extraordinary strength of Valdivia, but none expected such a proposition. Valdivia spoke in sober truth, for he knelt down, placed his two hands on the ground, and presented the surface of his broad shoulders to support the cannon.

"Let us try," said he; "I have promised that we shall be able to drink to-night, and that I would save the general's army. Come,—to work!"

Six men had inconceivable difficulty in raising the cannon to the desired height; however, they succeeded at length in balancing it on the back of Valdivia. The Hercules supported the burden without stirring. One or two lazos, fastened round the cannon, and under the intrepid soldier, served to fix it steadily.

"Charge the piece to the muzzle!" cried Valdivia.

The bullets continued to shower upon us, and one of the men, who was filling the cannon, fell dead beside the soldier transformed into a carriage. They succeeded, however, in charging the piece.

"Stoop a little," said I to Valdivia: There —— that is it; now stand firm."

The carriage remained as immovable as if it were of iron. I took the match from the hand of the soldier, and lighted it. The cannon fired; a large hole was opened in the wall.

"Well!" exclaimed Valdivia, half-raising himself on his powerful hands to judge the effect of the cannon-ball.

"All is well, my good friend; the ball has effected a breach." Valdivia resumed his position; the piece was again charged to the mouth: the second blow thundered against the wall, where clouds of dust arose.

Valdivia half-raised himself a second time.

Oh, it was a fine sight, Signor Cavaliere!—it was a fine sight to witness this man, as strong as twenty of his comrades, raise himself after each discharge, and raise also that enormous mass attached to his body!

Valdivia with his veins projecting, his face swollen, followed with his eye the track of the cannon he himself had helped to guide.

Our brave soldiers raised their voices in admiration.

"One more blow!" cried the Hercules; "but point more to the left."

I obeyed Valdivia's injunction. The cannon was charged a third time, and for the third time the report sounded. I fancied I heard a suppressed exclamation from Valdivia, who attempted to rise, but was unable to do so. We then removed the cannon from the body of the soldier. Valdivia heaved a sigh of relief, and attempted to stand upright. Vain effort!—his legs refused their service; and this man, once so strong and vigorous, sank down like an inert mass.

Without once fancying that this miracle of strength, that these nervous arms, which were worth a machine of war to us, were henceforth paralyzed, I ran to the breach we had just opened. During this time,

the fifty men commanded by the colonel had issued from their hiding-place at the third report of our cannon, and the cries they raised in advancing caused a diversion in our favor: in the twinkling of an eye, a sanguinary opening was made in the Spanish ranks. Across the breach our soldiers, parched by thirst, had perceived in the court of the hacienda the *noria* which occupied the middle, and no human power could have resisted the impetuosity of their attack. There was soon in the court of the hacienda a *mêlée* as terrible and furious as a boarding on sea. The darkness concealed the paucity of our numbers from the eyes of the surprised Spaniards, whilst we knew, with tolerable accuracy, the amount of their forces. The deafening cries of "Hurrah! Mejico! Independencia!" resounded on all sides; and sometimes I heard the colonel exclaiming—"To the commandant!—Let him be taken alive, but without the slightest injury,—not even a scratch!"

I then regretted the absence of Valdivia, whose powerful arm would have been so useful to us. Whilst I was making fruitless efforts to reach the commandant, whom I recognized by his uniform, a large sliding knot hovered over him for a moment, and then descended on his head. I saw him totter and fall; after that I neither saw nor heard any thing: a blow from the butt-end of a carbine, which I had received on the head, threw me senseless under the feet of the combatants. When I came to myself, the court of the hacienda was calm; the heroic Valdivia was lying by my side.

"Where am I?" said I, recognizing Valdivia.

"In your own territories," replied he; "we are victors. I prophesied truly."

"And you, my brave fellow," said I, "what has happened to you?"

"I have fulfilled my promise," replied the soldier simply. "An express I have just sent to General Rayou will inform him of our victory; his army will not desert to the enemy, and the war will continue under his orders. As for me," continued he, "I shall no longer be good for much, for my back is half broken."

The Hercules had twice sustained the discharge of the cannon without moving, but the third concussion had been fatal. However, the incalculable strength of the powder had succeeded only in bending his iron muscles without being able to break them, and on that account alone Valdivia was not killed.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold:
Work away!

Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between:
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungle swamp and thicket shade
Give to day!
O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk o' day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,

Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scann'd,
Far away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and Prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learn'd above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for Lord and Peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday;
Work away!

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

A MODEST CELEBRITY.

SOME years ago I set out to visit Italy for the first time, and took my way up the Rhine and through Switzerland. A lady friend whom I was to meet, with her family, at Milan, had desired me to bring her some of Jean Maria Farina's true and genuine eau de Cologne; and anxious, like a true knight, to fulfil the behest of lady fair, no sooner was I arrived at Cologne, and the duties of the toilet and my breakfast were over, than I sallied out to execute my commission. I had not taken twenty steps along the street, when, over a warehouse door, a large board struck my eye, thus inscribed in gigantic capitals—

ONLY VERITABLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF JEAN MARIA FARINA'S GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE.

This was just what I wanted. The shop contained nothing but bottles of eau de Cologne, for the most part neatly packed by dozens in slight wooden boxes. I made my purchase, desired the box to be carried to the hotel, and went forth to take a survey of the town. But I had not proceeded many steps farther, before another signboard made precisely the same pretensions for its shop, as being the sole depositary of the genuine eau de Cologne by Jean Maria Farina. I was startled. "I hope I have made no mistake," thought I. "If I have, it must be rectified: there is full time."

Vexed at my precipitancy, I walked on thoughtfully, and soon came to another, and another, and another warehouse of the same description; and so on, in every part of the town, all bearing, in every diversity of color and characters, the same announcement of being "the sole and veritable depositary of Jean Maria Farina's genuine eau de Cologne." I made anxious inquiries of divers persons, without arriving at any thing satisfactory; and so, returning to my hotel, I determined to abide by my purchase, and to present it to my fair friend as the real and genuine eau de Cologne, without disturbing her faith by the doubts that distracted my own mind. The subject vanished gradually from my thoughts, only leaving behind it a general impression of the greatness of Jean Maria Farina, that European personage, whose name had stared me thus in the face at every turn in the old town on the Rhine.

Next morning I set off for Mainz by the steamboat. The vessel was crowded with passengers, of whom the majority were English. To own the truth, I am apt to feel greatly ashamed of my countrymen—speaking of them in the mass—when I meet them abroad, swarming in steamboats, railways, and hotels. On this occasion my eye wandered over the commonplace set, with their endless and cumbersome abundance of travelling comforts in the shape of bags, baskets, bottles, and boxes of all sizes and forms. There were likewise flat-faced Germans, smoking extraordinary pipes, and wearing fantastical hats and caps; but of the whole crowd the only individual who at all fixed my attention was a tall man somewhat advanced in years, and his black hair sprinkled with white, though he was still of comely appearance. The deep-set black eyes, olive complexion, oval-shaped head, and finely-cut features, the mobility and *finesse* of expression, the pliable and easy motions of the body, stamped him a native of the south. There was a shrewd thoughtfulness in the countenance while silent, brightening when

he spoke into benevolent cheerfulness, a good-humored smile lighting his dark eyes, and disclosing a fine set of white teeth, which gave something very agreeable to the whole physiognomy. He looked like a prosperous man, well contented with himself and with the world. That his prosperity had been *earned*, seemed denoted by an appearance of activity which age had not subdued.

The old gentleman was surrounded by a numerous party, and nothing occurred to bring about any communication between us. But by an odd chance we happened to meet every day for a week either in a steamboat, on a railway, or at a *table-d'hôte*—always at a distance, however, without at any time exchanging a word. There was a sort of silent acquaintance established, but we seemed under a spell which obliged us to look, and not to speak. At last it was with a kind of painful consciousness our eyes met, although feeling rather attracted than repelled; so that it was almost a relief the first day I no longer met my dark-eyed vision at supper, although I felt, notwithstanding, a lingering regret that I should now never satisfy a certain curiosity which had sprung up in my own mind as to who or what the stranger might be.

I stayed some time in Switzerland, and then went on to Italy. I crossed the Alps by the Simplon—that wonderful road conceived by the genius of Napoleon—as easy as an English turnpike-road, winding its way up through mountain pastures and vast pine forests to the regions of eternal snow and ice, and the wild territory of the avalanche. Nothing gives a more forcible impression of the power of man's intellect, struggling, calmly and successfully, with the awful powers of nature. Arrived at the summit of the pass, the descent on the Italian side begins from the village of Simplon; and you go winding down, between gigantic, perpendicular, larch-grown rocks, which seem to admit reluctantly within their jaws the road that winds along the edge of the roaring torrent, which has fretted its way during long ages through these rocky walls. Road and torrent run together confined between them, and the traveller sees the sky far above the towering masses on either side.

After passing several hours in this gorge, you issue from it suddenly, where at your feet lies, opening to view, the verdant, smiling basin of the Val d'Ossola, rich in luxuriant Italian beauty. After the stern grandeur of the Alpine pass, the view from the bridge of Crevola bursts like enchantment on the sight, presenting a wide, gracefully-circular plain, watered by a winding river, and surrounded by the most picturesque mountains, clothed half-way up their sides with rich wood, while above stand out the naked, brown mountain-tops in fantastic peaks against the blue sky. Among the dark verdure of their swelling base stand forth in strong relief cheerful white villages and country-houses, and tall square white church towers, spotting the sides of the hills, while the town of Domo d'Ossola shines smilingly at the farther end of the vale. The vine, allowed to run in its elegant natural festoons, the mulberry mixed with other trees, and the soft balmy air, all tell the traveller he has set foot in Italy. Domo d'Ossola struck me as a cheerful, elegant little town. It had an Italian character, quite new to me, which took my fancy. I travelled alone, guided solely by my own inclination; and I was so much pleased with the situation, that I determined to give some days to examine a few of the numerous valleys which diverge from the Val d'Ossola, winding among these picturesque, but rarely-explored mountains.

I have always had a passion for deviating from the high road. After resting a night at Domo, I inquired if a guide could be procured. My host informed me that as few travellers wandered from the high road, there were no regular guides, but that there was at that moment in his house a young man, servant to a gentleman of the Val Vegeste, who was returning to Santa Maria Maggiore, the principal village in that valley, whom I could accompany thus far. Arrived there, I might easily find some one else to guide me farther on. The arrangement was soon made; and Battistino—so my guide was named—and I set out on foot together towards the Val Vegeste. My companion was a barefooted, tall, active, black-eyed, intelligent young fellow, with those free and supple limbs, and that somewhat melancholy cast of countenance—easily, however, brightening into an animated and cheerful variety of expression—which characterize the Italian peasant.

I knew something of the Italian language,

but I was totally at a loss to communicate with my present conductor, whose only tongue was his native mountain dialect, in which I with difficulty recognized here and there some word disfigured by a pronunciation wholly new to me; so our communication was more in looks and gestures than in speech. We first retraced a short part of the road by which I had entered the town the day before; but soon deviating to the right, we crossed by a plank bridge the stream which intersects the Val d'Ossola, and proceeding to the limit of the valley in that direction, and then turning to the left, skirted the base of the mountain. Nothing could exceed the beauty of every thing that met my eye. After an hour's walk, I was struck by the appearance of a very handsome country-house, which stood on a lofty eminence facing us, surrounded by noble terraced gardens. The mansion commanded the same extensive views of the beautiful valley that strike the traveller so forcibly from the bridge of Crevola. I pointed out this dwelling to my guide with an inquiring look.

"Palazzo del Signor Padrone" ("The palace of my master") was his answer.

"Your Padrone then is rich?"

"Hu!" returned Battistino with a lengthened exclamation, waving his hand expressively up and down. "Tanto ricco!—ricchissimo! Tanto scior!" ("So rich!—very rich! Such a great gentleman!") And this was followed by a long and eloquent eulogium, or history, unfortunately lost upon me, with the exception of the words, "Generoso, generosissimo—da Paris," by which I made out the very rich man to be likewise very generous, and to have come from Paris.

As we proceeded along our way, I found that we were not to go towards the palace as Battistino termed the handsome dwelling upon the hill, our road turning sharp to the right, where a singularly picturesque opening gives entrance to the wild Val Vegeste. Here we crossed a bridge over a beautiful stream, flowing from between two high walls of rock, richly grown with overhanging wood. A few houses stand on this spot, and a chapel with an image of the Virgin, to which is attached a legendary miracle; and from thence a road cut in the rock leads up the course of the stream to Santa Maria Maggiore. At every step the picturesque beauties of this singular valley become more striking. As we advanced, the sound of a fine-toned church-bell came wafted on the air. It sounded like a rejoicing peal. Battistino became excited, and contrived to make me understand that the bell, the *great* bell, was a gift from his padrone to the church.

On entering Santa Maria Maggiore, we found the whole village in holiday trim; the women's heads adorned with snow-white muslin handkerchiefs, or braids of hair fastened round the back of the head by large silver pins placed in a semicircle—the latter coiffure having a peculiarly classical and Italian appearance. Some added coquettishly a natural flower on one side. Their ears and necks were adorned with large earrings and necklaces; and the neat stocking, and embroidered instep of a sort of slipper, with a wooden sole and heels, under a short smart petticoat, completed the holiday attire. Each, with fan in hand, was hurrying to church; while some, after a fashion peculiar to these mountains, carried their infants attached to their backs in light wooden cradles.

The whole formed a rich and novel scene. My guide had a word, a nod, or a smile for every body, and you may suppose that the stranger with him excited no slight attention. Battistino seemed irresistibly impelled to follow the crowd, and led me with him into the church. We walked up a side aisle, and he pointed out from afar the altar-piece, with a gesture which implied that he looked upon it as a masterpiece of art, whispering at the same time, "Gift of the padrone." As I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, I was going to propose that we should leave the church, when a numerous company entering, relieved me from the attention of the congregation, and I remained a forgotten observer. The new-comers were two young couples, surrounded by their respective friends, coming to the altar to receive the nuptial benediction.

"Pepino and Ghita, Giovanni and Maria," said my guide in an undertone, as he pointed out the couples; and he went on to make me understand that his padrone had given the dota, (marriage portion.) His enthusiasm now seemed to lose all power of expression in words, and to concentrate itself in his two bright eyes; while I thought to myself: "This padrone of his must be a rare charac-

ter—a rich and liberal man dispensing his wealth in shedding happiness among the simple population of this retired valley. I should like to see him."

The wedding-party had stopped in the middle of the church, as if waiting for some one; a moment after, the expected person made his appearance. "Il padrone!" exclaimed Battistino; and at the same instant I recognized my old mysterious acqaintance of the steamboat.

The priest now stood at the altar, the marriage-ceremony was performed, and the blessing given. The two wedding-parties walked out of the church to return to their respective homes. At the door of the church, all crowded round Battistino's master with various expressions of affectionate and respectful gratitude, which he received with fatherly good-humor, and then disengaged himself from the group. His eye had caught mine, and we exchanged a smile of recognition. Battistino darted forward, and said a few words to him; after which the stranger moved towards me, and accosting me with courteous ease in good French, said, that since fate seemed determined to procure him the pleasure of my acquaintance, I must allow him to look upon a foreigner, who did this remote valley the very rare honor of a visit, as his welcome guest. I was too well pleased with the invitation to hesitate in accepting the hospitality offered with so good a grace, and so benevolent a smile; and had I acceded less readily, a sudden clap of thunder, and the bursting of an unexpected storm over our heads, would have left me little choice: as it was, I was made doubly grateful.

I followed my new friend into the open door of a handsome house, while sudden night seemed to occupy the place of day; and the rain poured down in torrents, making me appreciate such comfortable shelter. My host was cordially and gracefully courteous. He assured me that the streams and torrents, swollen by the rain, would make it impossible to proceed in the direction I had intended; and that even when the storm abated, it would already have cut off my return to Domo; for the small stream I had crossed by a plank in the morning must now be swollen, by innumerable mountain-tributaries, into a wide, deep, and impassable torrent. He therefore begged me to submit with patience to necessity, and allow him to make me his guest for the night. He had come that morning from the country-house I had perhaps remarked before entering Val Vegeste, for the purpose of being present at the two marriages that had taken place, and purposed returning as soon as the rain cleared off. He added, that at Monte Christesi he should have the pleasure of introducing me to his wife and family. So, as soon as the storm rolled away, and a blue sky once more smiled upon the valley, Battistino brought to the door a four-wheeled open carriage drawn by one horse; he mounted the front seat as driver, and my host and I took our places behind.

We rolled along the rocky road I had followed on foot. Battistino pointed to the road, and said something to me, of which the word "padrone" was the only one I understood. I turned to my host for an explanation. He said, laughing, "Battistino is anxious to inform you that this road from Santa Maria Maggiore to Domo was made by me: some years ago there was only a bridle-path. Living in the neighborhood, I was of course one of the most interested in the improvement."

Battistino turned again to add some words on the subject. At the same instant, we came to a sharp turn in the road; and as our driver's eye was not upon his horse, we ran full against a car laden with hay drawn by an ox. The wheels locked, and that of our vehicle gave way, and came off. We got out of the carriage, leaving the mortified Battistino to remedy the damage, and follow in the best way he could. As we walked on, we were overtaken by two youths, each with a pack on his back, and a staff over his shoulder, with a pair of thick-soled shoes slung upon it. They went the swift, noiseless gliding pace of the barefooted Italian peasant. My host exchanged kind salutations with the lads, and bade them go on to his house, where they should sleep that night, as the swollen state of the torrents would not let them proceed farther; and he added: "To-morrow morning I will give you a letter which may be of use to you." He then desired them to go on before us, and announce that he was following with a stranger gentleman.

My host then explained to me that these youths were leaving home to seek their for-

tunes abroad, their native valleys being too poor to maintain their population. A large portion of the males emigrate, and generally return at the end of a few months with the little earnings they have gained in some distant place by their industry; then, after a while, they go forth again, like bees to gather new honey. Their traffic is chiefly in tin-ware, or in simples, of which these mountains offer an abundant supply. During the absence of the men, the women and children cultivate the poor soil.

"Our Italians," continued the padrone, "are an intelligent race, full of resources, and generally succeed in what they undertake. A most erroneous impression prevails with respect to us in other countries. In my travels I have constantly heard of the idleness of the Italian peasantry—of the '*dolce far niente*' of Italy. Yet there is no country in which the peasantry labor so incessantly, and with so much intelligence, activity, and cheerful industry. I can vouch for so much at least to the credit of Lombardy and Piedmont, which I know intimately. If you, sir, were to remain long enough in this country, to have opportunities of observing our rural life, you would soon be convinced of this. No part of the world is more travelled by foreigners, and so little known. But if strangers underrate our country, most of its wandering sons hold it in loving remembrance. I have myself been absent many long years, and have seen many lands, but I never forgot this spot. I left it, fifty years ago, a poor mountain boy, like those you saw just now, and I always said in my heart, 'If ever I can build a house, it shall be on Monte Christesi.' I never changed my mind, and there stands my house to-day. Never did I forget my love for these valleys." And as we advanced, he pointed out the different striking beauties of the prospect.

Every thing I heard and saw served to heighten my curiosity respecting my companion, and I was framing in my mind some proper mode of shaping a few questions, when we arrived at the mansion. Here my host introduced me to his wife, a French lady, to two children, and to his brother. I immediately recognized the party in the steamboat. I was cordially received by all, almost as an old acquaintance, and the incidents of our unexpected meeting afforded subject of cheerful conversation. We sat down to dinner in a very handsome hall, ornamented, after the Italian manner, with fresco paintings on the walls and ceiling. Easy chat, and several bottles of good wine, rendered the meal very pleasant. After dinner, we passed from the dining-room to one of the garden-terraces, where coffee was served in the open air.

The terrace on which we were overlooked several others, shelving in succession to the limits of the property. The valley, inclosed by mountains, and watered by a rushing stream, was spread at our feet. The prospect was splendid; the sky glowed with the tints of the evening sun; and the late rain brought out in exquisite freshness the aromatic scent of the flowers and of the neighboring woods.

It was a moment in which the heart opens to warm and easy sympathies. I felt no difficulty in asking my host to explain to me by what uncommon fortunes he had become, from a poor mountain boy, such as we had met in the morning, the happy possessor of so noble a property, and the benefactor of all around him.

He nodded with a shrewd and cheerful smile, saying, "I often wonder at it myself. You must know that in my travels I met with a magician who pointed the way to a golden fountain. I will tell you my modest history.

"I was born in Santa Maria Maggiore, the village you visited this morning. My parents were not so poor as the rest of the inhabitants, for my father, according to the custom I mentioned to you, had gone into foreign parts. My mother, too, accompanied him; and at the end of some years, they had collected, by their industry in managing an humble commerce, that which was a little fortune on their return to their native vale. They possessed a field more than their neighbors, and two cows to fill the double office of supplying the family with milk and drawing the plough—as you see that cow doing yonder, guided by a woman and a girl. Yet when the family increased, and three boys grew into lads, the means of the family could not suffice for our maintenance. I was the eldest, and while yet in tender years, it became necessary for me to follow the course of most of our valesmen, and go to earn a living elsewhere.

"My parents had carried on their little

trade in simples in a town upon the Rhine, and they gave me a letter of recommendation to a friend and distant connection, a chemist and druggist there. With this letter, a few pieces of money in my pocket, and a pack on my back, I set out for a foreign land—distant in reality, and still more so in my imagination. The fancy of youth is always excited by the thought of travel, adventure, and independence, and my spirits kept up well till the day of departure, when the awfulness of separation from all I loved came with full force upon my heart. In those days there were no steamboats or railways—nothing to reduce distance, or ease the toils of the poor traveller. On foot, or with some occasional lift from a slow-going vehicle, or some floating raft, was I to wend my way to my remote destination. I shall never forget the day of my departure. My mother accompanied me as far as the chapel of the Madona you saw this morning. On that spot we parted with many tears. Before our last embrace, my mother knelt before the image of the Virgin, and I beside her, to implore a blessing on my adventure. Then my mother hung round my neck her own rosary. 'Keep this, my son,' she said, 'in memory of your mother. Be a good boy, and never forget your prayers. Every evening I shall say a pater and an ave for you. Now, my boy, farewell! God bless you!'

"I have this rosary still. Sad, indeed, did I feel that night when the melancholy tinkling of the Ave Maria bell sounded from a distant village where I was to rest, and which I hastened to reach before the twilight should deepen into night. How often, through many long years, at the sound of the evening bell, did my sinking heart yearn for my mother and my home!

"Well, in due time I reached my destination, presented the letter to the protector to whom my parents had directed me, and was taken into his service. He was an intelligent man, with an inventive turn of mind, which he applied to the practical purpose of improving his business by the sale of certain mixtures, of which he alone possessed the secret. He was of a capricious disposition, and often became disgusted with his assistants. To me, however, he took a fancy, and proved invariably kind. He initiated me into the mysteries of the laboratory sufficiently to enable me to be of real use in his operations; but he carefully kept some mysterious secrets to himself: praising, nevertheless, my intelligence, activity, and zeal, and becoming more and more attached to me. I was of a cheerful disposition, and my lively sallies and ingenuous remarks amused and cheered the old man. But while I imparted vivacity to his age, my own spirits gradually sunk under the influence of a total change of life—shut up as I was in a dismal laboratory, behind a dark shop, in a narrow street, instead of roaming among our beautiful valleys and breezy mountains. My natural buoyancy bore me up for a time; but as month after month, and even year after year, rolled on in the same monotony, I sunk into unconquerable depression. All surrounding objects became disgusting to me; the very quality of the air, and color of the light, grew odious. Day and night I was haunted by the thought of the immeasurable distance I had traversed, and which divided me from home. The familiar faces and sounds of my native scenes gleamed upon me in walking dreams. The best moment of the day was when the bell of the Ave Maria brought to my lips my mother's prayer, and to my eyes a refreshing shower of tears.

"Three years had elapsed since my departure from home, when these impressions reached their greatest intensity. My gains were small, and part I had already sent to my family. I thought with agony that not only I had no store by me, but that I had not even sufficient to take me home. I felt as if I must die an outcast in a distant land. My strength failed rapidly, and at last I was obliged to take to my bed. My master consulted a medical man who often came to our shop. He examined me, and pronounced my malady to be no other than nostalgia. The only remedy was to revisit my native land. My worthy master proved himself truly kind; not only did he allow me three months' holidays to go home, but he advanced me the sum necessary for the journey, undertaken of course in the most economical way. He gave me, besides, a letter to my parents, expressive of his satisfaction with my conduct and abilities, and likewise of his desire for my return to his service.

"From that moment he obtained my unbounded gratitude and attachment. No

sooner was this plan settled, than my spirits rose, and life seemed infused into my veins. In a few days I was able to rise from my bed of sickness, and set forth on my way homewards. At the first sight of my native valley, at the first breath of the mountain-breezes, at the first embrace of my father, mother, and brothers, all my ills vanished, and health and strength returned to me, as if wafted on the very air. I was speedily quite recovered. I spent a happy three months at home, and then set out to return to my kind old master with renewed courage, instead of the hopeless feeling of banishment.

Now I went with the firm hope and resolve to return again, as my parents had done before me, with my modest gains, and settle in this spot, the dearest to me on earth. I trusted that a few years' exertion could accomplish this. I was animated also by a desire to prove my gratitude to my benevolent master, and I came back to his service with redoubled zeal. By degrees he initiated me into many delicate operations, and instructed me in the choice and preparation of various simples, which he often sent me on long excursions to collect. These he prepared for divers uses. His confidence in me increased, on finding that I never pressed inquiries on any point upon which he wished to maintain reserve. Each year the good old man grew more attached to me. He had no near relative of his own; I became to him as a son, and I endeavored to fulfill the duties of one. Age crept on, with its infirmities; he felt life drawing to a close; and calling me to his bedside, he ordered me to take down in writing certain notes he dictated—the secret, as he termed it, of the golden fountain. 'Your activity and ingenuity,' said he, 'will follow out these hints so as to lead you to it infallibly, my dear child. I may well call you so, for you have been an affectionate child to me.'

"Not long afterwards I followed my adopted father to the grave. He had bequeathed to me all his possessions. They were very humble; but I perceived that in his last instructions, if judiciously improved, he had indeed opened a road which might lead to fortune. The course pointed out shortly led me to Paris, where, without giving up my establishment on the banks of the Rhine, I opened another for the sale of genuine and improved eau de Cologne, by Jean Maria Farina."

"Do I then stand," exclaimed I, rising with a feeling of enthusiasm and reverence, "in the presence of that celebrated man? Truly I thank my fortune for having guided me so agreeably to the gratification of a strong desire in so pleasant a meeting!" My host was flattered and amused at this burst, and laughed much at the description I gave him of my perplexity at Cologne in trying to find out his real establishment.

"'Tis true," replied he, "it stands in a very obscure corner of an old narrow street. I never left the old Ulick's Platz: I never abandoned the original etablishment of my friend." Our conversation then diverged to other interesting points, and my host added a few details, which completed his autobiography.

Eau de Cologne has been to him truly an Aladdin's lamp—a magic cruise. The sale rapidly brought him a fortune. Jean Maria early visited a second time his native place, and had the happiness to lavish on his parents more comforts and luxury than had ever even entered their dreams. They dwelt long in Santa Maria Maggiore, proud and happy in their son's prosperity. He never forgot his love for his native valley, and has invested part of his property in the purchase of land in the Val Vegeste and its neighborhood. He built the mansion, and laid out the gardens on Monte Christesi, where he now received me, and where he has settled one of his brothers. His wife is French, and he has several children. He contributes with generous care to the welfare of the poor in his neighborhood. He knows intimately their wants and their feelings; and is therefore competent, from experience as well as inclination, to dispense, with the best effect, his munificence among those who want his assistance.

He constantly spends the winter in Paris, and the summer in his native home among the folds of the Alps, much loved by all around. I slept that night under the hospitable roof of Monte Christesi; and my kind host and I parted next morning with the promise of meeting again.

Ever since then, eau de Cologne is associated in my mind with the ancient cathedral town beside the Rhine—the romantic Val Vegeste and Val d'Ossola—the mansion on

Monte Christesi—and the uncommon fortunes, European name, and goodly benevolent presence of Jean Maria Farina.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

URSULA'S NURSERY GOVERNESS.

My first impressions in infancy were of large low rooms, with narrow windows, and huge carved fireplaces. The windows looked forth on to a garden, whose shaven turf and primly-cut rose-trees were enlivened by numerous antique white statues as large as life, and fountains whose sparkling waters fell into basins, where gold and silver fish disported themselves. Even in warm bright summer weather, the rambling apartments of the Grange looked cold and desolate—the furniture was so clean and bright, and the sunbeams streamed in through such crevices; but when the winter logs were piled high, things assumed a different aspect; for the ruddy blaze of a cheerful fire enlivens the most obstinate gloom.

I lived here with my grandmamma and five unmarried aunts: the former was a widow, and the Grange was her dowry-house—my uncle Everard, the son and heir, resided a few miles distant at the ancestral hall, Uncle Everard was married, but to the chagrin of the family his lady had presented him with no olive-branches; consequently I was the only little one among all those mature folks. My aunts were middle-aged ladies, tall, dark, and stately; and my poor old grandmamma seemed to me the whitest and most withered of living beings: she was huddled up in shawls and flannels, mumbled much to herself, and seldom noticed any thing around her.

I comprehended early that I was an orphan—the only child of my grandmamma's second son; my aunts showed me my papa's portrait, and said he had died young, and that Uncle Everard was their only brother now. This picture hung in my Aunt Theodosia's apartment: she was a confirmed invalid, and always lying on the sofa, placed by a window, where she could look out on the pasture-fields and running streams, and on the gray church peeping from amid the trees. Sweet, gentle, kind Aunt Dosy—how well I loved her! And yet she was the only one who ever rebuked or checked my evil temper; for I must here let you into the secret, that I was a violent, unruly little mortal, giving way to tempests of passion which had won for me the nickname of "the Fury," whispered among the servants indeed; but a terrible whisper too! I was very fond of looking at this picture of my dear departed papa; it represented a young man of singular personal attractions, but of a kind which struck me with awe—the eyes were so large, dark, and piercing, and the countenance expressed both fire and hauteur. But the mouth was very beautiful and classic: there was a half smile on the curved lip, and in time I learned to think how that young father must have looked when he smiled on his first-born! I felt sure *his* were smiles never to be forgotten—rare, rarer than his frowns! I once overheard my aunts saying to each other—"Our Ursula grows more like her father every day;" and then Aunt Dosy sighed. They were sitting round her in the twilight. She had a low thrilling voice, and I never forgot her reply—"She does indeed, my sisters;—both mentally and personally: ye have need to watch and pray; for the angels of darkness surely surround this dear child oftener than other and happier-dispositioned children." Aunt Dosy of course spoke metaphorically, but I did not know that; and many a time, when I felt my passionate impulses urging me to wrong, I have looked round to see if a dark-winged spirit was nigh!

I know not what the lingering ailment was which made my Aunt Theodosia pass her life apart from kindred and friends; but the most tranquil and contented hours of my childhood were those which I enjoyed in her still chamber, when I sat beside the pale sufferer, reading or working in my infantile way. My father's picture hung opposite to her couch, and she often gazed on it with tearful eyes, and then turned those large expressive eyes on me with an anxiety portrayed in them which even then I keenly felt.

"Did you love my papa very dearly, Aunt Dosy?" said I to her one day when we were alone together. "Do tell me all about him, and about my mamma; for I must have had a mamma—all children have—though I never hear any of you speak of her."

There was a change in Aunt Dosy's expressive countenance—an expression as of

intense pain, which alarmed me; but quickly recovering herself, she calmly replied: "I never saw your mamma my little Ursula—she lived a long way off; but your dear papa, my brother Julian, was so very beloved a brother of mine, that it grieves me to speak of him, now he is no more," And she wept sore; and I clung to my gentle aunt, and tried to comfort her. Other essays I made to learn something concerning my mother, but all my four aunts invariably turned away, with significant looks at each other, and compressed lips, as if obstinately bent on silence, though there *was* a tale to unfold. They were great walkers, botanists, geologists, ornithologists, and what not!—very stately with their equals, very condescending to their inferiors, and regarding their brother Everard (as the representative of their ancient name) as an extremely great personage. Their sister-in-law, Lady Blanche, though an earl's daughter, was patronized by my four aunts, whose besetting weakness concerning their undoubtedly pure hereditary descent was carried to a most ridiculous and overweening extent. To be a Montalban, was to be every thing; to be any body else, was to be nothing! *I* was a Montalban, consequently in a great measure exempt from correction; as—"all the Montalbans," observed my aunts, "from time immemorial, had high spirits, which sometimes vented themselves in fits of passion, just as a fiery, mettled courser, of pure Arabian breed, sometimes breaks away from curb and rein." My aunts had all been beauties—noted for dash and daring, both in word and deed; nevertheless, suitors had dropped away one by one; and now they beheld their more humble or gentler compeers in the enviable positions which they once had thought to occupy. Dukes, lords, baronets, and a train of noble swains, had looked and listened, listened and looked, and flown away! There was a story afloat that my eldest aunt was all *but* the Duchess of ——; when that, in an unlucky moment, actuated, I suppose, by the "pure hereditary spirit" of her race, she had applied the butt-end of a whip to the shoulders of a domestic who committed some mistake to exasperate her. The duke never again was seen in the precincts of the Hall; and the once beautiful toast of the county was now a withered spinster, stuffing birds, and collecting weeds.

I was a *plaything* among them, and amusing and engaging enough I doubt not, as precocious children often are when not crossed or vexed in any of their whims or caprices: *then* indeed a storm arose; I screamed and kicked, and struck right and left; and finding that by this means I usually succeeded in obtaining my wish, such storms were not of unfrequent occurrence. "Dear little thing," I heard my eldest aunt say when I was thus exhibiting, "she reminds me of what I was at her age! How her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flush! Poor Julian; she is his image!" However, I was told it was wrong—I must say that; punished even for my misdoings—for breaking valuable china in fits of frenzy—scattering and shattering whatever I could lay hands on; but when I struck my attendant, and the poor girl wept and complained, she was dismissed for speaking disrespectfully of a Montalban.

I was always silent and subdued in the presence of my sweet Aunt Dosy; she did not guess half how bad I was, but enough reached her to cause her to regard me with tender seriousness and anxiety, and to speak those solemn words which even on my childish ears fell not altogether in vain.

Not altogether in vain; for I pondered over these sayings, and began to look inwardly, and often to be heartily ashamed of my violent conduct. But Aunt Dosy was not always to be approached; for days together she was too ill to be seen; and when my young attendant was summarily dismissed, my aunts consulted together, and it was settled amongst them, with the approbation of my grandmamma, (whose advice was asked as a matter of form,) that a nursery governess was to be found for me, as I was now of an age to require instruction of a higher kind than that which I had hitherto obtained.

Through the medium of some friends of Lady Blanche, an individual was recommended as a competent instructress; she was a young person of humble origin, capable of undertaking her trust, though pretending to be nothing more than a nursery governess. She required a very small stipend, moreover, and that was a paramount consideration with those engaging her; so matters were soon concluded, and the young woman was informed by Lady Blanche's

friends that her application had met with success; for she came from a great distance in the country, and there had been no personal interview. I was on a visit at the Hall with my uncle Everard and Lady Blanche when my new attendant arrived at the Grange. Dear Aunt Dosy was reported worse than usual, and that was one reason for my stay being prolonged, in order to insure quietness for the invalid at home. Fêted, caressed, spoiled on all hands, a stronger and wiser head than mine—poor silly little body!—might have been turned. I looked round for applause and admiration, venting my temper as a means of attracting regard. "She is a true Montalban, the saucy minx!" Uncle Everard would say laughingly. "She is a darling beauty!" said Lady Blanche, fondling and twisting my silken ringlets round her own lily fingers. "Would she were ours!" And so I came really to think that, being a beauty and a Montalban, I had no need of any further recommendations, no need certainly to be hampered with a detestable governess—a "nursery" governess too!—when here I sat at table, and behaved and was treated as a queen! I almost hated my poor governess before I saw her! She was a widow, they said, and her name was Mrs. Rose; and I determined in my own wicked mind to lead Mrs. Rose a nice life for coming to tease me! Aunt Theodosia's influence was weakened; I had not seen her for a long time, otherwise perhaps I might have been less unruly than I was; but certainly a harder task cannot well be imagined, than that confided to Mrs. Rose, of governing me, and pleasing my four aunts at the same time.

I remember the evening of my return to the Grange, and how I ran straight to the nursery, bent on entering it with an imperious air, for the purpose of daunting or bullying the new governess. There was a bright fire, and beside it, on the hearth-rug, stood a slight form, with head bent down over some needlework she was trying to finish by the unsteady flare. On hearing a footstep she looked up, and beheld me. The work fell from her hands, an exclamation escaped her lips which I could not clearly distinguish, and Mrs. Rose—for it was she—saved herself from falling only by catching hold of a heavy sofa at hand! I was greatly astonished at this agitation on the part of my governess; for though I had intended to impress her with a powerful sense of my importance and dignity, such an effect as this I had not looked for. However, when Mrs. Rose burst into tears, and apologized on the plea of nervousness "just at first"—gazing on my face, nevertheless, as if she never could gaze long or deeply enough—I felt inclined to patronize her, for my vanity was soothed by the evident trepidation my presence caused.

In my turn I gazed on the new-comer; and strange sensations were at my heart as I I scanned her lineaments and figure; for I never before had seen or fancied any one like her. Aunt Dosy often talked to me of good angels guarding and compassing us round; and surely, thought I, they must be like Mrs. Rose, for so fair, so angelic a face scarcely belonged to earth. She was very slight, very thin; her flaxen hair was braided beneath a widow's cap; and sombre folds fell round her tall and graceful form—meekness and patience being the leading characteristics of her expression and bearing.

"Mrs. Rose!" I cried instinctively, with childlike frankness, "I never saw blue eyes before!—nobody here has blue eyes! How beautiful they are! I wish I had blue eyes like yours, Mrs. Rose! I will not vex you—I will be a good girl indeed;" for the two large round tears which gathered and fell down her white cheeks as I spoke completely touched and sobered my heart—for the time at least. Ere I slept that night (all the occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory with tenacious minuteness) Aunt Dosy sent for me to her chamber. We were left alone together, and I saw that she had suffered much since I last beheld her. She spoke earnestly and impressively, beseeching me to enter on a new career under the superintendence of Mrs. Rose, whom she adjured me to respect and obey, as one placed in authority, and who had only my eternal and temporal interest at heart. Many things Aunt Dosy said of Mrs. Rose, which I thought very little perhaps of at the time, except that my dear aunt extolled and seemed very fond of my governess—saying there was no other person would teach me as she would, and again and again tearfully entreating and praying me to be obedient and gentle. I promised that all

should be as Aunt Dosy desired; and though I had been accustomed to pampering and much solicitude and attendance, none before had ever handled or addressed me with the softness and affectionate devotion which my nursery governess evinced. My aunts were satisfied, for I learned and improved beneath her auspices wonderfully. She did not restrain, she did not coax me; but there was a winning, pleading persuasiveness, which *as yet* I had not withstood. "As yet"—alas!—the volcano had only been slumbering for an unusual length of days: it was to burst forth by and by.

When Aunt Dosy asked me if I loved Mrs. Rose, and I replied with warmth, "Oh yes, dearly—she is so good and kind," I saw that dear aunt cast a grateful look upward, as if communing in inward prayer, placing her hand on my head as I knelt beside her, and bidding me be grateful and loving towards my teacher. Some outbursts of temper on my part occurred now and then, but nothing so outrageous as formerly. Mrs. Rose never addressed me when I gave way to passion, but her sorrowful eyes haunted me afterwards. There was an awe as well as deep grief expressed in their fixed contemplation of my distorted countenance.

Things had all gone smoothly of late; I liked learning French and music. She taught me the rudiments, and I became interested in the Bible stories, which none ever told like Mrs. Rose. There was slight temptation to trespass when all went well; but evil days were coming, and the dark angels were pluming their wings with mischievous joy, and gathering round the wicked little Ursula! I had grown to be quite a tall girl, and already considered myself nearly a woman, when the small-pox, in its most virulent form, attacked me. I was deserted by every one save my nursery governess; she never wearied, never flagged, in her unceasing and devoted watch. No words may describe her anxious and tender nursing, though I became capricious, and hard to please, in proportion to my sufferings. My aunts feared the infection; and had it not been for their decrepit mother and Aunt Dosy, would doubtless have betaken themselves to flight, their terror being ludicrous in the extreme. I was shut up with Mrs. Rose away from the rest of the household; and well was it for me that *she* had no selfish terrors, otherwise the petted orphan child might have perished.

My recovery was tedious and doubtful, for excessive debility and prostration of the whole system rendered it a terrible struggle. When I again began to crawl about, it was the latter end of spring, and accustomed as I had ever been to freedom, it was bitter and irritating to be confined in-doors whenever cold winds prevailed or dews "fell slow." The doctors had left me with warning words to Mrs. Rose, of great care being requisite. Poor thing! she needed not the admonition, for her overcare and watchfulness almost worried me into betrayals of wrathful impetuosity, which would ill have requited her tender love; but at this fatal juncture, when my spirit rebelled at being debarred from racing in and out as I liked—through the gardens, over the meadows, and down the lanes, when I was naturally irritable and easily roused, from the lurking remains of disease in my blood—at this juncture Uncle Everard, sent me a present of the tiniest and most lovely pony that the king or queen of Pigmyland ever bestrode. It was brought to the garden for me to see it from the windows, for those prevailing easterly winds, which so often usher in our island summer, forbade my quitting the house. Felix—so the lovely creature was named—was paraded on the shaven turf, up and down, up and down, for Miss Ursula's gratification. This was very trying—very trying indeed; and I pleaded hard with Mrs. Rose to be allowed to take just one little ride for one little half-hour—no more. But my aunts had placed me under her sole control, wisely opining that she who had braved such dangers for her pupil's sake deserved the confidence, and knew best how to manage her health now. They had cast all responsibility on my governess—they told her so; and no wonder she was even more than usually careful! In vain I pleaded for permission to ride on Felix that day—no. "When it was warm and genial I should go," said Mrs. Rose. "I will go!" I screamed furiously, stamping with my feet, and tearing a book to pieces in impotent fury. Weak and exhausted, the fit was soon over; but her sorrowful gaze haunted me, and I was angry that it did haunt me—angry with her, with myself, with the whole world. Next morning, to make matters

worse, ere Mrs. Rose could interpose to prevent it, a fine new riding-habit and plumed cap was exhibited to my admiring eyes by the domestic whose duty it was to attend on the nursery. They were sent to me by Lady Blanche; and oh! to mount Felix, the beauty, thus gloriously equipped, silver-mounted riding-whip and all! "Now to-day I'm off," quoth I determinedly to Mrs. Rose—"go I will! This habit is warm, and you have no right to keep me in any longer; my aunts wouldn't—and I won't bear it. Sally," to the domestic, who stood grinning, "tell them to bring Felix round; old John will attend me, and I shall soon be ready." I looked at Mrs. Rose with an imperious toss of my head, as much as to say, "What can you answer to that?"

She desired Sally to quit the apartment, and then with decision, but kindly and gently, laid her commands on me not to go out. "If you will only have patience for a few days," she urged, "in all human probability the weather will change; for the cold is unusual at this season—trying even to the strong—dangerous to one recovering, as you are, from such an almost fatal illness."

But the sun shone brilliantly; the birds carolled cheerily; Felix was being paraded on the grass; my new dress was temptingly spread out; and how could I think of blighting winds? We had blazing fires; and people were all coughing and looking miserable when they came in from the air; but what child thinks about the weather? "You want to tease me, Mrs. Rose," I exclaimed passionately. "I will go!"

Again the look of sorrow and reproach. I flew out of the room to my own chamber, rang the bell, and desired the maid to bring my new habit and hat, which I had left in the school-room (*ci-devant* nursery). The maid returned, saying that Mrs. Rose had put them away in the wardrobe of the green-room, and had the key in her pocket. Mrs. Rose sent a loving message to win me to her side.

To her side I bounded, but not in love, alas! "How dare you lock up my property, Mrs. Rose?" I cried, almost frenzied with rage. "Who are you, that you dare to treat a Montalban thus?"

I heard a low sigh as she shudderingly repeated my words—"Who am I?—who am I?" She then added with more composure—"Your aunts will approve of my conduct, I am sure, Miss Ursula. Let me entreat you to be patient; for I must be firm or your life may pay the forfeit."

"Give me the key!" I shouted, not heeding her mild expostulations. "Give me the key!"

"I may not," was the trembling answer.

How may I go on? I struck her with all my strength—nerved with fury and revenge—struck her with my clenched hand on the face! I heard a moan; I saw her kneel: she had buried her flushed face in those hands which had ministered to me night and day. I saw her kneeling, and I fled, looking round to see if the dark angels were following to bear me off—whither? Conscience never fails; and it whispered things of horrible import to me. But they feared for my health; and menials ministered to my wants, as in silence and agony the hours dragged on. No Mrs. Rose to tend me now; and I dared not breathe her name, or ask a question. In the evening Aunt Dosy sent for me; I dared not look up to meet her eye; I would have given worlds to have sunk through the earth from her sight. The strange hush that had prevailed all day I attributed to a knowledge of my crime; for I well knew that I was a most guilty creature; but, unknown to me, death was in the house; my grandmamma, within an hour after my hand was lifted against the gentle being who had saved my life, breathed her last, almost without a sigh, as she sat in her old arm-chair, with her daughters around her as usual. This event they had been taught to expect: they were all prepared for it; and theirs was the tempered and natural grief for a venerable departed parent. Aunt Dosy told me "death was in the house."

"Ursula Montalban, come hither," she said with grave composure. "Your father's mother, my mother, lies dead not far from us, and the solemn message has arrived at a peculiar period of time, when His hand is especially visible. Unfortunate, sinful girl! ere you quit this room, may you be impressed with the awful truth! Hearken to me, Ursula, on your knees, lowly kneeling, in deep abasement and contrition of heart."

I entered that apartment a thoughtless, spoilt child, but I left it with the knowledge

and contrition which makes the girl a woman in feeling. I am now verging on fourscore years, but from that time to this never once has the curb been loosened which, by the help and blessing of God, I have been enabled to place on my temper, words, and acts. On my knees I listened to Aunt Theodosia's words: no marvel that her revelations produced a change even in my proud rebellious heart, or that I trembled lest the wrath of an offended God should leave me no time for repentance!

"Ursula," said Aunt Theodosia, "you have often questioned me concerning your mother; but my lips were sealed so long as *my* mother survived; for we had all pledged our words never to reveal her existence to you, her child, while that child was fostered and protected by Mrs. Montalban, the venerable parent whose loss we deplore."

"And is my own mother still alive?" I cried with impetuosity; "and where is she, Aunt Theodosia?"

"Be patient and attentive, Ursula," was the low reply, "and you shall hear. But mine is a hard task; for it is painful to speak of errors in those we loved, and lost, and mourned for as numbered with the dead. Nevertheless the time has arrived when I sincerely believe it is right you should know all. Your father, Ursula, was the child of our mother's age—indulged and beloved by us all. He was absent for a protracted period on a visit to our maternal uncle, whose property lay in a far-away country. During that fatal absence he had wooed and secretly married your mother, then little more than a child in years. She was far beneath him in worldly rank—in fact, of very humble origin indeed.

"On my brother's return home, he confided to me the secret of his marriage—for I was his favorite sister, Ursula—and the knowledge of what he had done almost broke my heart; for I knew, even better than he did, that our mother's displeasure would be lasting. He showed me your young mother's picture with fond pride, exulting in her loveliness and virtues. We took counsel together as to what he had best do, for Julian was entirely dependent on our mother—there was not even the provision of a younger son for him while the Dowager Mrs. Montalban lived, nor for any of us females. We thought it wise to defer revealing the matter—to put off the evil day; and your father made excuses to return to his uncle, where he wrote to me that you, Ursula, had entered this weary world. Poor fellow! inscrutable are the ways of Providence! He caught an infectious fever, which in a few days terminated his earthly career—with his dying breath entreating his relative to intercede for his widow and orphan. Intercession was vain for the wife, and *she* would not hear of parting with Julian's child; for your grandmamma offered to receive, and wholly bring up as a Montalban, the fatherless infant, provided your mother and your mother's family gave up all claims or recognition.

"Never more to see her child!—'twas a bitter alternative, and your poor young mother refused. But, alas! dire trouble came upon her; unforeseen calamities, sickness, and misfortune, reduced her parents to absolute penury; and though she labored perseveringly to win bread for them and herself, the struggle was ineffectual. Want and wretchedness effected that which nothing else could have done; and Julian's widow gave you up to us, my dear, dear niece, my Ursula!"

"Oh my poor, dear mamma!—where is she, Aunt Dosy?" I cried in an agony of weeping. "And did not grandmamma save her from starving?"

"Yes, Ursula; your departed grandmamma did all that benevolence required when her wishes were acceded to respecting you. She extended aid when aid was needed, while your mother's parents lived; but they are now no more."

"But where is my own mamma, Aunt Dosy?" I exclaimed. "Oh keep me not in suspense! Let me go to her: is she alive? What is there to prevent me going to her if she is alive, now Grandmamma Montalban is dead? It was bad of Grandmamma Montalban to separate me from my own mamma. Why did she use her so?"

"Hush, Ursula!"

I trembled at something I read in Aunt Theodosia's mild eyes, and at the solemn tone of her voice.

"Hush, Ursula! is it for *you* to condemn and judge?—*you?* Poor girl, you may well tremble and turn pale! Who but a mother would have nursed and tended you, as your nursery governess did? Who, *but a mother?*"

There was a ringing in my ears, the room swam round, and I awoke to life and consciousness again, to find myself in the arms of Mrs. Rose—Mrs. Rose no more to me or mine, but Rose Montalban, my father's honored widow!

I knelt at her feet in prayer and supplication: nature pleaded powerfully in my bosom, and at length floods of genial tears swelled forth. Forgiveness—sweet word! what precious forgiveness she heaped on her penitent daughter!

It is not quite a score of years since she was removed to a better world. Aunt Theodosia took up her residence with us, and notwithstanding bodily infirmity, her latter end was peace. Never more were the dark angels feared by me. Never more was my beloved mother separated from my side, for our reunion was one of perfect felicity. She died in my arms, blessing me with her latest breath, as a dutiful and devoted daughter. And oh! what memory of earth equals the memory of a dying parent's benediction!

Lady Blanche's housekeeper at the Hall had a knowledge of my mother's position, and aided her in applying for and obtaining the vacant post of nursery governess, or attendant on Miss Ursula; for oh! the mother's heart yearned irrepressibly towards her offspring; and who was to find out her secret at the Grange, where she was a stranger? But Aunt Dosy remembered that picture which my father had shown her with so much pride and love: once seen, it was never to be forgotten; and the beautiful lineaments were stamped indelibly on her memory. She knew my mother instantaneously, and deeply the discovery agitated and affected her. The conflict was severe between her sense of duty and the tender pity she felt. But it was not in her nature to turn a deaf ear to the mother's prayers and entreaties; and Aunt Dosy promised not to betray the secret to the Dowager Mrs. Montalban, or her brother Everard, or her sisters, if Mrs. Rose, on her part, promised never to betray the relationship in which she stood to me. It is worthy of remark, that on the very day when my violent and ungovernable temper led me into the commission of a heinous offence, the sudden passage of my aged grandmother into eternity unsealed Aunt Theodosia's lips, and permitted the revealment which, by God's blessing, changed my evil disposition so materially, and in some measure obliterated my offence in a human point of view, by affording time for repentance and amendment.

Not to all of us are such momentous warnings vouchsafed. Pride and passion lead to crime; and sometimes, alas! penitence comes too late.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

THE TIMES PRINTING-OFFICE.

About half way up Ludgate hill, on the right-hand side, is a narrow court called St. Martin's-court. In a dark corner of this place the wayfarer may discover, in consequence of the brickwork being removed to a sufficient depth, to afford porters, &c., ample space to enable them to rest their loads, a portion of the old London wall. Although this is but a small fragment, it is altogether the most ancient in Blackfriars, of an older date than the great fire of 1666; still the neighborhood is not devoid of interesting associations. In 1276 a church was founded here for the order of Black or Dominican Friars, from which circumstance the district takes its name. At the dissolution of the monasteries the church was pulled down, and the house dissolved.

In Elizabeth's time Blackfriars contained the residence of many persons of note and fashion, and here the famous queen was wont not unfrequently to favor with a visit such of her loving subjects as seemed to be getting overburdened with wealth.

In passing from St. Martin's-court, towards Apothecaries' hall, several of the fronts of the houses are decorated with small stone carvings. Those marks are often met with on London houses, and sometimes contain the badge of the incorporated company to whom the property belongs; but more frequently they are relics of the now almost neglected custom observed by every class of tradesmen of that time of using a sign. After passing Apothecaries' hall, and proceeding a little farther in the same direction, a mark on the corner of a narrow lane indicates the way to Printing-house-square. It is a snug old-fashioned looking place, and

but for the many voices of numerous children at play, and the passage of small streams of persons to and from the *Times* advertisement-office, the whole would form as retired a looking nook as could be met with in London. In the reign of Charles II. proclamations, &c., were printed here by the King's printer. The building of that date was destroyed by fire about the middle of the last century, and what Maitland calls "the completest printing-house in the world" erected on the spot. After the removal of the Queen's printer to New-street, Fleet-street, 1770, this house became, in 1788, the printing and publishing place of the celebrated *Times* newspaper, a publication which may be justly classed among the wonders of the age.

The *Times* was first commenced by Mr. John Walter, printer to the Customs, who was for many years before his death the principal proprietor. The son became joint proprietor, and exclusive manager of the *Times* at the commencement of the year 1803. The latter gentleman first imparted to the daily press its vast range and celerity of information, its authentic accuracy, its universal correspondence, its lucid arrangement, and marvellous dispatch; and, more than all, its dignity in the social scale, and its political position as what has been called the fourth estate of the realm. Mr. Walter was the first to bring the steam-engine to the assistance of the public press. To take off 5,000 impressions in an hour was once deemed as ridiculous as the idea of paddling a ship fifteen miles against wind and tide. It took a long while in those days to print off 3,000 or 4,000 copies of the *Times*. After obstacles, not only caused by the difficult application of the machinery, but by the opposition of the workmen, Mr. Walter succeeded in secretly completing the steam-press in a house adjoining to the printing-office. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to every one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning of Nov. 29, 1814, when Mr. Walter went into the press-room and astonished its occupants by telling them that the *Times* was already printed by steam, but that, if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued until similar employment could be procured. The number of sheets then impressed in the hour was 1,100. A machine erected in 1846 threw off 6,000 sheets of eight pages an hour; but another has since been erected which throws off 10,000 an hour. A newspaper and supplement of Jan. 23, 1845, contained 1,706 advertisements. A page of advertisements, containing six columns, is worth £108. The usual daily circulation of the *Times* is 35,000; but on extraordinary occasions 54,000 copies have been printed. Mr. Walter, who so long and ably conducted this wonderful journal, died in 1847.

From "The Tribune."

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

A FEW days since we had an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Stebbings June, who arrived from Ceylon about three weeks ago in the bark *Regatta*, bringing with him the cargo of elephants which now accompany Mr. Barnum's travelling menagerie. During his visit, Mr. June was obliged to traverse the greater part of the island in his search for a sufficient number of elephants of the size and quality required for an imposing exhibition. Consequently, he saw a great deal of the wild tropical regions of the interior and of the character and customs of the Cingalese. We give, herewith, an outline of his experience, which, if not quite equal to Mr. Gordon Cumming's South African stories, still furnishes an interesting chapter of adventure.

Mr. June, with Mr. Nutter, of Boston, sailed on his elephantine expedition in July last, and arrived at Point de Galle, a seaport on the southwestern extremity of Ceylon, in the early part of October. This port and Trincomalee, on the northeastern coast, are the only large harbors which the island possesses. The first object of Messrs. June and Nutter, on landing, was to procure some elephants, either from the government authorities, or from the temples, which own large numbers of them, and thus avoid the necessity of catching and taming wild animals. In this, however, they were disappointed. The new governor had just entered on his duties, and all official arrangements seemed to be in a confused and un-

satisfactory state. Besides, many of the roads in the interior had been injured by severe rains, and a greater number of the animals than usual was required, for the purpose of repairing them. Accordingly, after reaching Colombo, the maritime capital of the country, which lies on the western coast, about 60 miles north of Point de Galle, and finding no chance of procuring what he wanted, Mr. June determined to start for the city of Kandy, in the interior, and forty miles distant. An excellent carriage road has been constructed between the two places, on which a mail-coach makes three trips every week. Kandy, which is a large town, situated on a beautiful table-land 1,700 feet above the sea and surrounded by mountains, was the residence of the kings of Kandy, the native monarchs of the island, previous to their overthrow by the English, in 1815. Here again Mr. June was disappointed in his hope of finding elephants for sale, and notwithstanding the rainy season had just set in and the undertaking was considered hazardous in the extreme, he determined to take to the jungles and select a ship-load from among the wild herds.

In order to understand the nature of such an expedition, some account of the topography of the island is necessary. The shores of Ceylon are generally low, although in the southern part bluff and rocky. For some distance inland the ground is level, and for the most part cultivated, being covered with fields of paddy (a coarse kind of rice) and groves of cinnamon. Toward the centre it rises into a table-land, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea, and almost entirely covered with dense and luxuriant forests. This gradually rises into a mountain chain, which divides the island from north to south, into two nearly equal parts. Adam's Peak, about 30 miles southwest of Kandy, attains an altitude of more than 6,000 feet, and has been considered the highest of the range. Mr. June, however, informs us that on his way from Kandy to Fort Patrick, east of the mountains, he passed a still higher peak. This geographical division of the island is, singularly enough, a division of climate also—tremendous floods of rain deluging one side, while on the other the water is carefully hoarded to prevent a scarcity. The season shifts with the monsoon, which blows from the southwest from April to September, and from the northeast from November to February. The elephants, who prefer the rainy season, range in the thick jungle covering the table-land and hills around the base of the mountain chain, following the rains from one side of the island to the other.

With a guide, interpreter, and a number of native assistants, Mr. June started for the haunts of the elephants in the jungles northwest of Kandy, while Mr. Nutter explored the southern part of the island. They were obliged to leave the travelled road, and trust themselves to the wild jungle-paths leading through the uncultivated districts frequented by the animals. These regions are covered with a growth of shrubbery and small trees, so thickly matted together with vines, that it is impossible to force the body through. Here and there, out of this sea of vegetation, rise the trunks of enormous trees, growing more frequent in the neighborhood of the mountains, where they frequently form forests of the grandest character. In hunting elephants, the paths made by the natives cannot always be followed, but new ones must be cut, which is a very slow and toilsome work. The elephants, however, find the jungle no obstacle to their progress, but with their heads lowered, crash through it at full speed. The noise of a herd in motion can be heard at a great distance.

Mr. June had the greatest success in the low lands in the northern part of the island, near Anarajahpoora. The method of catching elephants, as described by him, must be a very exciting kind of business. The first step is to make a *kraal*, or pen, in some spot where the animals abound. This is constructed of heavy posts, set upright in the ground, closely bound together with withes, and made firm by other posts resting against them on the other side, as stays. The *kraal* forms three sides of a square, having an aperture on the fourth for the entrance of the elephants, from each side of which extends a long pallisade, slanting outward, like the mouth of a funnel. When all is completed, the natives lay in wait till a fine herd has wandered near the opening of the trap; then, surrounding them, they urge them forward with shouts and firing of muskets, till the frightened animals rush through the entrance and are safe within the *kraal*.

Now comes the work of catching and securing them, which would be a difficult and dangerous task were it not for the assistance rendered by tame elephants, trained for the purpose. One of these animals will gradually entice one of the imprisoned herd to a little distance from his fellows, and engage his attention by a gentle caress. He rubs his ears, strokes his trunk softly, and mumbles phrases of elephantine endearment, until the susceptible beast is completely beguiled by these tokens of affection. Presently a second tame elephant comes up on the other side and repeats the process, till the most complete confidence is established. Then, at the right period, they dextrously twine both their trunks around the trunk of the victim, and hold him as in a vice. These elephants wear collars around their shoulders, to which stout ropes are fastened. While the trunk of the wild animal is held, two or three natives are busy in fastening these ropes to his hind legs, and he is thus incapable of moving either forward or backward, except as his loving friends allow. He is then taken and made fast to a tree, where he is suffered to remain three or four days without food or drink. At the end of this time the tame elephants are brought up again, and, after being secured, he is taken down to a stream and watered He is approached very cautiously at first, but in the course of ten days or two weeks becomes docile enough to be driven at large with the tame beasts.

The natives have another way of taking them, but it is not often practised. The elephant, like all gentlemen living in the tropics, is fond of a siesta during the heat of the day. Occasionally he will rest his huge bulk against some convenient tree, and take an hour's doze with great satisfaction. Some of the Cingalese are daring enough, at this time, to creep stealthily through the jungle till they reach his very feet. Notwithstanding his thick hide, the elephant is very sensitive to touch. The native, provided with a rope, the other end of which is made fast to a tree, touches very gently the hind leg of the animal, who lifting his foot to shake off the supposed fly, instantly gives an opportunity for a noose to be slipped under. The same process is repeated with the other foot, and the elephant wakes up and finds himself caught. Large numbers are shot, principally by the British officers stationed in Ceylon, who appear to enjoy sporting on such a gigantic scale. A cool head and a sure aim are all that is required. A slight hollow in the elephant's forehead, just between and above his eyes, is penetrable by a musket ball, and a single shot is generally sufficient to bring him down.

The Ceylon elephants are divided into two classes—the *tuskar*, or tusked elephants, and the *aliar*, who are destitute of those appendages. The former are much more valuable than the latter, and are principally caught for the priests, to be employed in the service of the temples.

Among the wild elephants, one is occasionally found who, from his mischievous or unsocial disposition, is banished from the herd, and becomes a sort of outcast. These are called *rogue* elephants. Mr. June succeeded in capturing one of them, which gave him a great deal of trouble before he was shipped at Point de Galle, but which he now considers the most valuable animal in his collection. On one occasion, while in Kandy, he broke from the court-yard in which he was confined during the night, and after considerable search, was found demolishing a plantation of bananas. He also attempted to escape while on the road to Colombo, but happening to cross a field of paddy which had just been irrigated, he sank to his knees, and was captured.

Mr. June attempted to cross the mountain chain east of Kandy, into the country of the Veddahs, or aboriginal inhabitants of Ceylon, but was obliged to return on account of the rough nature of the country, which is here a primitive wilderness. In addition to the almost impenetrable forests and jungles, the mountains rise in a line of sheer precipice, many hundred feet in height, and not to be scaled without great difficulty and danger, The Veddahs, who inhabit the wilderness east of the mountains, are about on a par with the Bushmen of South Africa. They are divided into two classes, the village and the forest Veddahs, the former of whom dwell in communities and exhibit some faint glimmering of humanity. The latter run wild in the jungles, subsisting on roots and plants, and climbing into the branches of trees to sleep. Mr. June saw two of these creatures, who had been captured by the Cingalese, and describes them as being

but little in advance of the orang-outang. They are small in stature, and they have the long arms of the simia tribe. Very little is known of that part of the island which they inhabit.

Mr. June represents the Cingalese, who are supposed to have originally emigrated from the Malabar Coast, as an amiable and inoffensive people. They are for the most part devoted to the culture of the soil, which is exceedingly fertile. The cinnamon tree, which requires a moist, warm climate, grows only in the southeastern part of the island, and seems to thrive best in a poor and flinty soil. The climate of Ceylon is mild and salubrious, the monsoons which blow alternately from the Indian Sea and the Bay of Bengal mitigating the severity of the tropical heats.

After collecting their nine elephants at Point de Galle, Messrs. June and Nutter carried them to the Regatta on a large lighter and stowed them away in the hold, which had been prepared for their reception. Thousands of people from all the surrounding country came down to the shore to witness the operation. Considerable persuasion was necessary to induce the heavy animals to trust themselves on the unsteady lighter, and the *rogue* actually broke the ropes by which he was bound and made off at full speed, to the terror of the crowd, who scattered themselves in all directions. He was secured, however, and at last deposited on board, where he behaved remarkably well during the passage. One of the younger animals died after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, and was thrown overboard; the others arrived safely, after their voyage of 12,000 miles. They were accompanied by a native Cingalese, who will make with them the tour of the United States. Henceforth, instead of crashing through the jungles of Ceylon, they will quietly devour the gingerbread contributions of admiring thousands, under the shadow of Barnum's colossal tent.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

ON A WEDDING.

You are to be married, Mary:
This hour, as I silent lie
In the dreamy light of the morning,
Your wedding-hour draws nigh.

Miles off, you are rising, dressing,
To stand amid bridal throng,
In the same old rooms we play'd in,
You and I—when we were young.

Your bridemaids—they were our playmates;
Those old rooms, every wall,
Could speak of our childish frolics,
Loves, jealousies, great and small.
Do you mind how pansies changed we,
And smiled at the word "forget?"
'Twas a girl's romance—yet somewhere
I have kept my pansy yet.

Do you mind our verses written
Together? our dreams of fame?—
Of love—how we'd share all secrets
When that sweet mystery came?
It is no mystery now, Mary;
It was unveiled year by year:
Till—this is your marriage-morning,
And I—I am lying here.

I cannot picture your face, Mary,
The face of the bride to-day:
You have outgrown my knowledge
In years that have slipp'd away:
I see but the girlish likeness,
Brown eyes, and brown falling hair:
God knows, I did love you dearly,
And was proud that you were fair!

Many speak *my* name, Mary,
While yours in home's silence lies:
The future I read in toil's guerdon,
You will read in your children's eyes.
The past—the same past with either—
Is to you a soft, pleasant scene:
But I cannot see it clearly,
For the graves that rise between.

I am glad you are happy, Mary!
These tears, did you see them fall,
Would show, though you have forgotten,
I have remember'd all.
And though my cup is left empty,
And yours with its joy runs o'er,
God keep you its sweetness, Mary,
Brimming for evermore!

THE SEXTON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Mine is the fame most blazon'd of all;
Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

This is the lay of the sexton gray—
King of the church-yard he—
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown,
And a hat of slouching felt;
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,
The heavy keys clank at his belt,

The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,
While his song rings merrily out;
With a cobweb canopy over his head,
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full-fed worms,
His hand may grasp a shroud,
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break
As he gains a fathom deep—
"Whoever lies in the bed I make
I warrant will soundly sleep."

He piles the sod, he raises the stone,
He clips the cypress-tree;
But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone—
No fellowship holds he.

For the sexton gray is a scaring loon—
His name is linked with death:
The children at play, should he cross their way,
Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frighten'd host,
And whisper with lips all white—
"See, see, 'tis he that sends the ghost
To walk the world at night!"

The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,
At his labor 'mid skulls and dust;
They hear him chant: "The young *may* die,
But we know the aged *must*."

The rich will frown as his ditty goes on—
"Though broad your lands may be,
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
And the same shall serve for ye."

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,
And Beauty's cheek will pale;
"Out, out," cry they, "what creature would stay
To list thy croaking tale?"

Oh! the sexton gray is a mortal of dread;
None like to see him come near;
The orphan thinks on a father dead,
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,
Upturning the hollow bone;
No mate will share his toil or his fare,
He works, he carouses alone.

By night or by day, this, this is his lay:
"Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK,

IN A FOURTH LETTER TO A COUNTRY FRIEND.

I HAVE ninted to you already that the summer was coming; and a day or two of sunshine, that has made us gasp, have more than justified my announcement. Sea breezes are coming into fashion again, and we shall presently be looking for those fishing companies, which every year vex the waters of our lower bay.

I have often thought (and you would think so too, if you had seen it, in the summer time) what a magnificent spot our New York Bay is one day to become; when the stucco and the wood of baby effort shall give place to the richest veins of our quarries —when our merchants shall drink their tea three leagues from business—when lofty Indiamen shall ride at anchor before their doors, and when Staten Island shall bloom with hedge and cottage—another Isle of Wight—and its waters rival Southampton waters. Say what they will of Dublin Bay, and Naples, and Sorrento, and the rest, no prettier encircled harbor catches the morning than stretches from your eye at the foot of the Battery. There is only needed a Vesuvius, with a lazy smoke-cloud by day, and a jet of fire-stones by night, and a teeming cellar of the *Lacryma Christi* on its flank, to make you say of our waters—as the hand organists say of the blue seas by Baiæ —*vedi e poi mori*.

But this is no news—all which I know as well as you can tell me. Yet who cares for novelties when the first simmer of summer is playing on the fields, and the mated birds are idling and oiling their feathers? Or if there be a care, where is news to be found? Politics, you know, is on a sort of vacation-hunt; and between the late travel of the President, and the doubtful elections here and there, the plotters are tired of augury, and are lazily sunning themselves under the wall of the newspapers.

You should have seen, by the by, the procession, and the flags, and the crowds which welcomed to the city the Citizen President; it was a worthy honor, and worthily done. And I could have wished a squadron of the horse-guards, who hold their daily quarters down Whitehall-street, could have set an eye upon that easy and voluntary bestowal of honor, which owed nothing to old prerogative—nothing to the orders of a duke, and nothing to the crimson of court-dresses.

They made a brilliant show upon the Thames, that first day of May, it must be confessed; and they had a brilliant occasion. Still I am willing, and proud too, to contrast those hireling trumpeters, and the black-horsed guardsmen, and the bear-capped footmen with the plain-dressed men, women, and children, who ran from their shops and their homes to spend an echo for the plain-dressed man whom *they* had made their President.

You know what a reception is in the city; how the house-tops are crowded, and the carriages wallow through eager throngs, and the simply-dressed police clear the way with staves, and the huzzas rise with a health in them; so I shall not need to tell you how it begun or how it passed off.

I may say a word though about the magnificent enterprise which the President and his suite came to inaugurate. You must have known that for years certain digging machines and pile-drivers and Irishmen, counting by the thousands, have been cutting a pathway straight and long—through mountains and by river banks—under rocky ledges and over prairies—to join the waters of Lake Erie, to our queen-river the Hudson. And now the work is done, and you go flying over long colonnades of rich and solid masonry, with the tops of the pine forests below you, through countries where, till yesterday, a Troy coach was a matter of wonder.

They tell us, too—both reporters and guide-books—that sweet gems of valleys burst upon you, which you lose again so quick on your iron and rattling flight, that you will hardly have scared the trout that lurk in the brook of their bosoms. Indeed, the new route is to furnish the sportsman's holiday ground, and even now parties are wandering thither with Conroy's tackle and Herbert's books, to fling a fly into the eddies that curl under the roots of century-old pines, and you may hear now the click of the angler's reel, where was heard only the click of the hunter's rifle. Think of it for a moment, that in four hours' time, from the heat, dust, plaster, bricks, broken pavements, signs, watering-carts, and news-boys of the city, you may lap your fevered soul to quiet under the gnarled tops of the primitive forest, a hundred miles away, and forget the hammer of your town upholsterer in watching the deft hangings of the golden oriole!

I was talking of politics;—which brings me back to where politics are just now most in ferment; I mean in France. They are in a queer muss yonder; and how the issues will lie it is impossible to foresee. Their second election is fast approaching, and whether the heat of its ferment will not set the republic on fire, is a very doubtful question.

It is not a matter as (God be thanked!) it is here—between one man and another—as to who is the best; but a hundred variant elements are in the caldron of their election dinner. First, you know the Bonaparte name is winning what it can to warp the republic into empire; then the old Legitimists are busy in the capital, and in the southwest—tying their hopes to the mother church, and making stump-speakers of priests; and the Duc de Nemours is courting a popularity which he has sorely perilled, and making republican pretensions, toward a throne.

The Socialists are busy in full force: and with such wilful, strong-minded, passionate mouth-pieces as Emile de Girardin, they will raise a voice that will be heard in every corner of France. Perhaps you know his sharp, interrogatory way of startling attention; if not, I transcribe for you a paragraph or two which show his mode. He questions his rivals with a lofty arrogance, that reminds one of Demosthenes; throwing his hail of *psephismata* into the face of Æschines:—

"In the present darkened state of the atmosphere, it is easy to perceive that the thunder of a fourth Revolution is hanging over our heads, and waits only for a disturbance to burst forth.

"If this Revolution shall take place, if it proves as bloodthirsty and implacable as the Revolution of 1848 was generous and forbearing, to what parties must the responsibility be attached?

"Will it not be pre-eminently to those who have provoked it by the shamelessness of their apostasies?

"In truth, they will not only have provoked it, but they will have legitimated it, not only have legitimated it, but have disarmed their future defenders. Suppose that one of the first acts of the victorious Revolution should be to invade the offices of the *Constitutionel*, of the *Patrie*, of the *Assemblée Nationale*, of the *Journal des Debats*, and throw their types out the window, as was done on the 13th of June with the presses of the *Voix du Peuple*, of the *République*, of the *Démocratie Pacifique*, and of the *Estafette*,

in what terms of just indignation could I protest against the outrage? If I were told, 'This is by way of reprisal,' what could I say? If a war of extermination should be waged against the journals of the vanquished parties, if their sale were utterly prohibited in order to insure a more certain monopoly to the journals of the victorious party, what could I gain for the rights of liberty and equality, by an appeal to the past? If Veron should be thrown into the prison where a great writer, Proudhon, has pined for two years, what could I say in defence of the Alticus who endeavored the overthrow of the Constitution and restoration of the Empire? If Belle-Isle should trade off M. Blanqui against M. Romieu, what could I oppose to the transaction? If M. Guizot should succeed M. Raspail in the prison of Doullens, could I honestly maintain that the author of the law of September 9, 1835, which forbade the advocacy of the Republic under the Monarchy, has respected the law of August 11, 1848, which no less formally interdicted the defence of the Monarchy under the Republic? If Giraud and Saint-Hilaire should share the fate of Jacques and Michelet, what could I allege in favor of the liberty of teaching, which could not be turned against the deposers of yesterday, the deposed of to-day? If reversing the scale declared by the law of March, '31, all the tax-payers to the amount of over 100 francs should be deprived of the right of suffrage, what good reason could I bring for sustaining them in their right? If progressive taxation in proportion to property should succeed progressive taxation in proportion to misery, with what arguments could I combat the measure? If the same treatment should be given to all the priests suspected of legitimism, which was inflicted on the teachers suspected of Socialism, what could I say? If all the functionaries who did not give sufficient pledges to the victorious Democracy were set aside, how could I combat such an act of intolerance?"

To balance the opening of the Great Exhibition, the Parisians you know have been arranging a magnificent fête, which passed off in rain and cloud upon the fourth of May. The most noticeable novelty about it was the artificial cascade in the river Seine. You can form some idea of the beauty and wonder of this show, by fancying such a river as Harlem at the turnpike bridge—dammed with rocks to the height of some thirty feet—and half the body of the river lifted by invisible machinery, and made to clatter over in wild confusion upon the surface below. Still further, you will get into your mind an image of the Paris show, by fancying a magnificent bridge lit up by a thousand lanterns in full view of the cascade,—and strong galvanic lights flashing on the tumbling waters—while at either hand, looming through the night, appear the illuminated frieze, columns, and vestibule of two of the noblest porticoes of modern architecture—that of the Madeleine and of the Chamber of Deputies. I shall say nothing about the corseleted men-at-arms, and the trim *gens d'armerie*, and the slouch-hatted hungry fellows from the purlieus of the Pantheon; and the gliding *grisettes* in witching straws—simply because—I was not there.

As for London, the papers are so full of it, that one seems to be wandering with the wondering groups under that marvellous palace of PAXTON, which will surely be rated eighth, in the next Peter Parley book of wonders of the world.

It must be certainly one of *the* sights of a man's life-time to witness such a Babel of nations, and such a Solomon's Temple. Who among our enterprising panorama-makers, is to start the idea of taking us through—on two miles of canvas—all the curious things of the Great Exhibition? I throw out the hint without charge, and shall expect only a free ticket to the entertainment.

The English papers are full of anecdotes, which—to the delight of the reporters—are occurrences of every day.

Thus we have, in one sheet, a very minute account of the first meeting of Mr. COBDEN with the Marquis of ANGLESEY, and the Duke of WELLINGTON. To the great surprise of many who do not seem mindful of the fact that a true gentleman is always a gentleman, the meeting is spoken of as one characterized by great courtesy and civility on the part of all the distinguished parties.

Much attention was attracted towards a Chinese Mandarin, in full celestial vestments, who attended the party of ambassadors, and who paid the eastern salute to the Queen—of kissing her toe.

One of the largest fountains—during the Queen's visit—was supplied with *eau de Cologne;* and a small Austrian jet, it is understood, is to be permanently supplied with the same odorous shower.

Of the great extent of the Crystal Palace you may perhaps form a better concep-

tion by this bit of newspaper calculation, which I cut from a late London journal :—

"The Crystal Palace is itself the grandest feature of the Exhibition. Not only in its extent, and in its matchless beauty of form and material, but likewise in the rapidity of its construction, it is the most marvellous edifice in the world. The Alhambra and the Tuileries would not fill up the eastern and western naves, and the National Gallery would stand very well beneath the transept. St. Paul's Cathedral does not cover half the ground. The Palace of Versailles, the largest in the world, would extend but a little way beyond the transept. A dozen metropolitan churches would stand erect under its roof of glass. Yet its extent is its least interesting feature. The sense of its marvellous beauty overcomes every other feeling. Since the young imagination, fired with tales of sprites and genii, conjured up visions of Eastern palaces, adorned with the splendors of Arabian fiction, there has been nothing to compare with it for grace, lightness, fancy, and variety of effects as the sun is crossed by moving clouds. That this edifice has been raised and completed in five months—that in November last not a pillar had been erected, and now the whole structure is finished, to the minutest point of decoration—is a fact to impress the stranger with a magnificent conception of our industrial resources."

And, since my scissors are in hand, I cut for you also, this little *contretemps*, which counts more poorly for French dress than most would have supposed. Indeed, I have half a mind to believe, that the Birmingham gentry were outwitted after all, and that the pseudo police were only accomplished French *filoux* :—

RIVAL JONATHAN WILDS.—A very amusing mistake occurred on the opening day. Two persons, whose appearance indicated that they were not exactly of the class of three-guinea ticket-holders, were observed in the middle of the crowd in the transept carefully scrutinizing every one about them; their conduct had so much that was suspicious about it, that an active detective of the Birmingham police who was present, and who had been watching them for nearly an hour, seeing that they took apparently little interest in the magnificent spectacle that was passing in their immediate neighborhood, and that they looked harder than, in his opinion, honest men ought at the watches and other trinkets so profusely displayed, advanced and took them into custody. The strangers turned out to be Frenchmen, but their explanations, whatever they were, being perfectly unintelligible to the Birmingham officer, he conducted them into one of the private offices of the building and searched them. It was satisfactorily ascertained by documents found on them that they were French police officers, and a series of mutual explanations, if they may be so termed, where neither understood the other, ensued—the strangers were readily satisfied, and the Birmingham detective got a practical lesson in the old Scotch proverb, that "Hawks munna pick out hawks' een.'"

THE BOOK WORLD.

Still I have very little to tell you of book matters. It is too hot for book-making, and almost too hot for book-reading.

A *London Guide-Book*, published by JNO. MURRAY, in the style and manner of his red-covered guide-books which have for years designated the English traveller on the continent, cannot fail to be of essential service to every stranger in London. Heretofore the traveller has been more lost for an intelligible and comprehensive guide in London, than in any city of Europe.

Among American announcements, I have to chronicle for you a new book or two from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Of what character they will be does not appear from the programme. Indeed, one is disposed to think that, in virtue of a common *ruse* of the publishers, the announcement may have been made upon a mere "promise to write."

You will hope, as I do, that the cool shades of Berkshire, under which HAWTHORNE is now fanning himself for new triumphs, will not lessen his industry. Yet, to tell truth, there is something wonderfully tempting *idlesse* in the noise of brooks and birds—a sweet idleness that suffers thought to run wild in its chase of fancies, but which dreads the handling of a quill as it dreads the hot air of a city.

I have told you something, in by-gone numbers, of a *Book of Beauty*, and indulged in some surmises as to who was to be the literary nurse of such an enterprise. I now learn with pleasure that Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND is to have the handling of its dainty pages. A better selection could not have been made, either in view of the artistic pen-work of the lady in question, or of those substantial qualities of heart, temper, and judgment, which will at once forestall all possible charges of indecorum or frivolity.

I remain, yours, &c.,

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